

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 807.—12 November, 1859.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

THE following is the text of the allocution of the pope, delivered at the Consistory of the 26th ult. :—

In June, my dear brethren, with heart full of grief,

We cursed, you remember, each infidel thief
Who was trying to grab at Ravenna, Bologna,
And other domains of which we are the owner.
We told the assassins they'd made a great mull,
for

Their present was sin, and their future was sulphur.

This kindly remonstrance we hoped would succeed,

For they knew that we loved them most dearly,
indeed,

And 'twas only in love, if we shortened their lives,

And sent Switzers to finish their babies and wives;

But they mocked at our gentleness, sweetness,
and patience,

And now the base demons have prigged the Legations.

They turn out our spies, and they empty our gaols,

(And of tortures therein tell indelicate tales);
Our mendicant monks they revile and abuse,
And brutally bid them to wash and wear shoes;
And the odor of sanctity, martyrdom's wealth,
They say is a case for their vile Board of Health.

They publish most blasphemous books, too; in one

They dare to assert the earth goes round the sun;

And as for our miracles, think how they hate 'em

When they say Januarius' blood is pomatum,
Consign weeping pictures to brokers or cupboard,

And swear that no statue of saint ever blubbered.

The wretches, the monsters! But, brethren, we find

Much comfort in bearing this fact in our mind,—
The parties who've kicked us from out each Legation

Are only the folks who have had education;

The low and the dull and the poor and the mean,
Are as fond of their pope as they ever have been.

And now, my dear brethren, if cursing would do,

We'd blaze at the beggars till all things were blue;

But the ears of the wicked, to verbal attacks
Are judicially bunged up with infidel wax,

And the grim Garibaldi would prove contumacious,

Though rose up to curse him the blest Athanasius.

However, one final appeal to the world,
One curse on the flag by our subjects unfurled.
We declare the Legations our own, and *non*
detur

To mortal to alter the will of Saint Peter;
And we hereby denounce to the world, and all
time,

Each Romagnese act as a horrible crime.

Let the infidels, heretics, traitors, and knaves
Have no peace in their lives and no rest in their
graves:

The dungeon and scaffold, the steel or the rope
Shall teach them to wrong their affectionate
pope;

Fire, famine, and slaughter consume them away,
Till Beelzebub collars the last. Let us pray.

—Punch.

From The Evening Post.

A PSALM FOR AN AUTUMN SABBATH.

O PURE and peaceful autumn Sabbath! Thou
Dost crown our earth with beauty rare;

What hymns of praise to Heaven thy blossoms
are!

Thy golden light and perfumed air!

But I, whose soul doth sit in gloom, whose will
Is mute, what incense can I bring—

What song of gladness sing, as sweet as they,
For thee, my Saviour and my King?

With timbrel or with harp, to praise thy name,
Would I might sound some note as sweet
As they who strike their harps of gold, and cast
Their golden crowns before thy feet!

For thy dear sake, would I some word might
speak,

So winning, full of power and love,
That every fearful, fainting soul would hear,
And once more trusting, *look above!*

Dear Lord, would I might give my life, my all,
In noble words and works for thee.

My life? That were a gift too low, too poor,
For him, who gave his own for me!

And must I give thee naught, my Saviour,
naught

But smallest deeds, oft wrought in fears,
By weary hands? And only broken words
And humblest hymns, oft sung in tears?

Alas! I am not wise, and cannot speak
The words of praise my heart doth know.

Nor can I sing the wondrous songs, which dwell
Within my soul, and thrill me so!

But if I patient word and patient wait,
In the "new song" even I may sing;

Amid redeemed ones,—in robes of light,
With harp and crown, before my King!

BANGOR, Autumn, 1859. A. B. C.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE BRUTE WORLD, A MYSTERY.

How can any one, asks Madame de Staël, reflect upon the animal creation, and not be lost in the astonishment excited by their mysterious existence? A poet has called these our fellow-lodgers, *les rêves de la nature, dont l'homme est le réveil*. To what end have they been created? What mean those looks of theirs, seemingly covered by an obscure cloud, from behind which some idea would fain find an opening? What are their relations to us-wards? "A bird lives longer than a man of genius, and an indescribable feeling of *bizarre* despair seizes upon the heart when, after losing one we love, we see the breath of life still animating an insect, that still moves on the earth, whence the nobler being has disappeared."*

There were nations of old, and those, as Montaigne phrases it, "some of the most ancient and noble," who "not only received brutes into their society, but gave them a rank infinitely above them, esteeming them familiars and favorites of the gods." In one place, the crocodile received adoration; in another, the serpent-eating ibis; the monkey was honored with a statue of gold; here a fish, and there a dog were objects of votive veneration. Montaigne—fond as he was of his cat—had no disposition to go any of these lengths. "But when, amongst the more moderate opinions," he adds, "I meet with arguments that endeavor to demonstrate the near resemblance betwixt us and animals, how much they share in our greatest privileges, and with how great plausibility we are put into comparison with them, I abate a great deal of our presumption, and willingly resign the title of that imaginary sovereignty which some attribute to us over other creatures."† Perhaps Pascal had Montaigne in his mind—as indeed he so frequently had—when he indited this among his other Thoughts: "It is dangerous to make a man see too particularly how near is his equality with the brutes, without also showing him his greatness. It is dangerous, again, to make him see so much of his greatness as to overlook his degradation. It is still more dangerous to leave him ignorant of both. But it is extremely advantageous to call his attention to both."‡ Pas-

* De Staël: De l'Allemagne, IV^e partie, ch. ix. "De la Contemplation de la Nature."

† Montaigne's Essays, by Cotton, bk. II. ch. xi. "Of Cruelty."

‡ Pensées de Pascal, I^{re} partie, § iv. 7.

cal gladly merged speculative difficulties in practical improvement—leaving the problem of the brute world to be attempted, not solved, by Descartes and others whom it perplexed, while he allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Charron insists in his peculiar and paulo-post-Montaigne way, on the "grand voisinage et cousinage" between man and the other animals. We presume that no less freely than Mephistopheles talks of "my aunt the snake," would Charron allude—though in the patronizing tone, perhaps, usually adopted towards poor relations—to his cousin the beaver, badger, or bear; and especially, his first cousin the baboon. But Charron is more serious than Montaigne, and has far less of irony and chuckling *laissez aller* in his ruminations. He seriously regards the brute creation as having so many advantages over man, that, at times, he all but accords their condition his entire preference.* There are moods and tenses in many a man's mind, when this notion of preference is dallied with as having something in it after all. Misanthropy then exalts the quadruped and his destiny at the expense of the featherless biped. Cynicism then extols the lot of grovelling content to the prejudice of the sons of men, disquieted in vain.

"Απαντα τα ζώα ἐστὶ μακάριωτάτα,"

is one of Menander's † invidious comparisons. Even Wordsworth's gray-haired man of glee, old Matthew, could envy the blackbird among leafy trees, the lark above the hill: "with nature never do they wage," he says,—

"A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are press'd by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore."‡

In one of the very latest volumes of really readable and quite noteworthy verse, which the world has received and welcomed, we find meditations to the same effect on those creatures "so sound, and so robust in heart,"—

"The patient beasts, that bear their part
In this world's labor, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking."

And looking upwards, the questioner then asks—

* See Sainte-Beuve's essay on "Charron," 1355.

† Gnomai, VI.

‡ Wordsworth: The Fountain.

"Hast Thou made man, tho' more in kind,
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of an inward strife,
Than these, Thy simpler creatures, are,
Submitted to his use and care?"

"For these, indeed, appear to live
To the full verge of their own power,
Nor ever need that time should give
To life one space beyond the hour.
They do not pine with what is not;
Nor quarrel with the things which are;
Their yesterdays are all forgot;
Their morrows are not fear'd from far:
They do not weep and wail and moan,
For what is past, or what's to be,
Or what's not yet, and may be never;
They do not their own lives disown,
Nor haggle with eternity
For some unknown forever."*

And in another of his poems occur these stanzas, pitched in the same mournful minor:—

"Why must the soul thro' Nature rove
At variance with her general plan?
A stranger to the Power whose love
Soothes to save all man?"

"Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?
The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,
Are surer of their simple natures
Than I of mine.

"For all their wants the poorest land
Affords supply; they browse and breed;
I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
What most I need."†

We are here reminded, however, *per contra*, of some remarks by the father of this poet. In one of Sir Edward's earliest and, though not most popular, yet ablest and most thoughtful works, the "New Phædo," we find it alleged, that, miserable as too often are the short and simple annals of the poor, no peasant lives so wretched a life as the less noble animals, whom we are sometimes tempted to believe more physically happy. In how large a proportion of creatures, he contends, is existence composed of one ruling passion—the most agonizing of all sensations—Fear! Bearing in mind that his death-doomed Ambitious Student is the speaker, we quote the following (*quantum valeant*) reflections: "Observe how uneasily this poor squirrel looks around him. He is subject to perpetual terror from a large Angola cat, which my housekeeper chooses to retain in our domestic service, and which has twice very nearly devoured my nervous little hermit." . . . "No; human life is but a

Rembrandt kind of picture at the best; yet we have no cause to think there are brighter colors in the brute world. Fish are devoured by intestinal worms; birds are subject to continual diseases, some of a very torturing nature. Look at yon ant-hill, what a melancholy mockery of our kind—what eternal wars between one hill and another—what wrong—what violence! You know the red ants invade the camps of the black,—and bear off the young of these little negroes to be slaves to their victors.* The fact may at first sight wear the look of a paradox, that whereas impugnors of revelation, of a certain school, will be found to argue in favor of animal happiness, the defenders of it lay stress on animal sufferings. Wollaston, for instance, says that unless there is a future state, which implies the most extended of all schemes of Providence, the pleasures of brutes, though but sensual, are more complete than ours; "they go wholly into them," he says; "their sufferings are not heightened by reflection; they are not perplexed by cares of families and posterity, are not anxious about a future state, have no disappointment; and at last some sudden and unforeseen blow finishes them, before they even knew they were mortal."† On the other hand, those who, like Professor Rogers, insist on the dark side of nature, as an insoluble problem to mere benevolent theism, bid us consider the fearful destruction involved in the law of animated life by which one species preys upon another—the immense tribes of parasite animals, whose whole existence is framed upon the disease and torture of other creatures—the diseases in general, which, though allowed to have a moral purpose with regard to men, yet also torment with fruitless sufferings all the irrational creation. "Where," they ask, "does nature show a tender regard for life, when amidst the lavish multitudes she pours forth into being, myriads perish in the first struggle, and at every stage of existence, to be instantly replaced by myriads more?—a manner of creation, as it were, in sport or mockery, and not confined to zoöphytes and reptiles, to the lower animals, but continued to the highest that tenant the earth."‡ Indeed, the whole question is encompassed with difficulties so

* The New Phædo, ch. i. (Student, p. 291.)

† Religion of Nature, 211.

‡ See Hennell's Christianity and Infidelity, p

* Owen Meredith (Rob. Bulwer Lytton): The Wanderer: "Babylonia."

† Ibid. "The Heart and Nature."

many, intricate, and as it were two-edged, or cutting both ways, that none other, probably, is more fertile in paradoxes, reluctant concessions and unexpected conclusions.

Few, at present, who believe in the immateriality of the human soul, Mr. Hallam has said, would deny the same to an elephant; though he owns that the discoverers of zoölogy have pushed this to consequences which some might not readily adopt. "The spiritual being of a sponge revolts a little our prejudices; yet there is no resting-place, and we must admit this, or be content to sink ourselves into a mass of medullary fibre." Brutes, he further observes, have been as slowly emancipated in philosophy as some classes of mankind have been in civil polity; their souls being almost universally disputed to them at the end of the seventeenth century, even by those who did not absolutely bring them down to machinery. "Even within the recollection of many, it was common to deny them any kind of reasoning faculty, and to solve their most sagacious actions by the vague word instinct. We have come of late years to think better of our humble companions; and, as usual in similar cases, the preponderant bias seems rather too much of a levelling character."*

Apropos of a "little Blenheim cocker," whose "mortal tact was most amazing," and his likings and dislikings "really almost unerring," Mr. Carlyle (apparently his owner) has these remarks: "On the whole, there is more in this universe than our philosophy has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is a voice of nature too; and further, it has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always adhered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with fact. We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buffon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the head, and so forth; but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught and imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb, rude form; struggling to express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprisonment; and succeed very imperfectly!"† What ought to mortify us in the likeness of

* Hallam's *Lit. of the Middle Ages*.

† Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv. "Sir Walter Scott."

brutes to men, Mr. Leigh Hunt says (monkeys being his text), is the anger to which we see them subject—the revenge, the greediness, and other low passions. "But these they have in common with most animals. Their shrewdness and their sympathies they share with few. And there is a residuum of mystery in them, as in all things, which should lead us to cultivate as much regard for them as we can, thus turning what is unknown to us to good instead of evil. It is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of this half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of, just as he manifestly partakes of our senses; nay, that he may add to this community of being, faculties or perceptions which we are unable to conceive. We may construe what we see of the manifestation of the animal's feelings into something good or otherwise, as it happens; perhaps our conjectures may be altogether wrong, but we cannot be wrong in making the best of them—in getting as much pleasure from them as possible, and giving as much advantage to our fellow-creatures."* Spoken like an optimist—which, systematically and consistently, *Leontius* indeed was.

At the same time we may, with Sydney Smith, feel ourselves so much at our ease about the superiority of mankind—and have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon we have yet seen—and feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music—as to concede, with ineffable complacency, that all justice be done to the "few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding," which they may really possess. "I have sometimes, perhaps," his Reverence fairly owns, "felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man has nothing to fear."†

It would seem to have been Plato's belief that the animating principle of the brute creation is itself but a repressed and mutilated

* Leigh Hunt: *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i. p. 76.

† Sydney Smith's *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, lecture xvii.

form of the same essence which in man shines forth in the fulness and brilliancy of reason.* He liked—in his desire of comprehending, as far as possible, every variety of phenomenon, under the simplicity and unity of single general formulas—to view the whole system of nature as one vast mechanism subject to the immediate operation of mind, and solely constructed for its trial and display. This “complicated evolution of mental energy” would apply well enough to the human frame as superintended by human spirits, and the inanimate world as governed by superior powers; but the intervening region of brute existence seemed an anomaly in the conception. Plato might, as a modern Platonist suggests, have conciliated the difficulty as Descartes did, by classing the brute creation with the purely mechanical; he preferred to see in it an inferior and crippled form of the one universal energy of Soul.† Descartes, in opposition to the Scholastics, who, after Aristotle, admitted animal souls and vegetative souls, affirmed animals to be mere machines,—not a new theory, however, for it had been propounded by Jerome Pereira in the sixteenth century, as a counter paradox to the paradoxes of Rorarius, Montaigne, and Charron, who, as we have seen, drew slighter distinctions between man and animal than between one man and another.‡ Descartes renewed, developed, accredited this hypothesis of the *animal machine*. He compares the brutes to clockwork. The more we see in them of the marvels we call instinct, the more should we admire the industry of the worker who could organize machines like these. Beware, he bids us, what you are about; if you ascribe a soul to animals, that soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, why should not man's be so too? if immortal, what a crime it then is to slay and eat creatures thus endowed! No, he tells us, they are pure machines: they suffer not; if they cry when beaten, 'tis only *comme crie un ressort lorsqu'on le presse*. If they suffer, how explain their suffering? Are they, peradventure, like us, fallen creatures? Can it be, as Malebranche suggests, that they have eaten of the forbidden—hay? § La Fontaine, in the name of his contempo-

raries, uttered ingenious and eloquent protests against the mechanical theory—making himself the echo of the age's common sense. Bossuet, in a chapter on the Soul of Brutes, which M. de Barante * pronounces remarkable for clearness and analytical power, argues that animals are certainly not the mere machines Descartes pretends, but that neither have they any thing of that proximity to man which the Libertins claim for them: what is called their instinct, is nothing but an intermediate substance (metaphysicé) between mind and matter: incapable of general ideas, of education or of progress, they have neither society nor a language; they are destitute of laws and of religious worship; they know not God, and, being incapable alike of knowing and loving him, they cannot be immortal—the prerogative exclusively of natures capable of knowing and loving him forever.† The theory of Leibnitz is, in the main, a reproduction of Plato's: there is no hiatus in nature, he says, but a connecting system of grades in the scale of being; the monad is wherever substance is, and wherever the monad is, there is the soul, which advances in development and growth by minute intervals, from mineral to plant, from vegetable to animal, from brute to man. For Leibnitz knew of, or at least suspected, those intermediate beings, the polypus for example, the existence of which, and their indissoluble oneness with the frame of creation at large, have since then been verified by comparative science.‡ But he accords to brutes a dull, dim order of perceptions only, which constitute a sort of “empirical intelligence;” while in the case of man, to ideas of incomparably greater clearness are added reason, liberty, conscience. Mr. Lewes makes it a ground of special complaint against Locke that although he *did* begin the physiological method, and drew illustrations from children and savages, he neither did this systematically, “*nor* [the italics are in the original] *did he extend the comparative method to animals*. The prejudices of that age forbade it. The ignorance of that age made it impossible. Comparative physiology is no older than Goethe, and comparative psychology is only now glimmering in the minds of men as a possibility. If men formerly thought they could understand man's body by

* See Archer Butler's Lectures on the Hist. of Ancient Philosophy, vol. ii. third series, lect. iv.

† Ibid. pp. 245 and 299.

‡ Nourisson, Progrès de la Pensée Humaine, ch. xli.

§ Ibid. 351.

* Etudes Littéraires, t. ii. p. 24.

† Bossuet, De la Connaissance de Dieu.

‡ See Nourisson, 477.

dissecting it, and did not need the light thrown thereon by the dissection of animals, they were still less likely to seek psychical illustrations in animals, denying, as they did, that animals had minds.* But, though the prejudices of that age may have forbidden, and its ignorance rendered impossible, the extension of the comparative method to animals, the age was particularly and uneasily interested in the relation of the brute species to man: no one in the seventeenth century, affirms M. Jules Simon,† could have allowed himself to write on philosophy without devoting one chapter at the least to the soul of brutes.

Milton, probably, had not made his mind up, as the phrase goes, what this relation definitely is. The Miltonic Adam does, indeed, speak rather *de haut en bas* of "these inferiors beneath me set," among whom he discerns none likely to form a help meet for him, "fit to participate

"All rational delight; wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort."‡

Eve, however, when the serpent's tongue beguiles her, is made to concede—independently of that beguiling rhetoric—the quasi-rational faculties of brute creation at large:—

"What may this mean? language of man pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?

The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears."§

Well might Bayle declare the acts, motives, and feelings of the lower order of animals one of the profoundest mysteries that can exercise the mind of man.

Well, too, may *mon pauvre Fido* be thus apostrophized by the priest-poet his master:—

"O mon chien! Dieu seul sait la distance
entre nous,
Seul il sait quel degré de l'échelle de l'être
Sépare ton instinct de l'âme de ton maître."||

Said Béranger to a visitor, the morning the old poet lost his cat (and Béranger loved *La Marquise* better, probably, than did Mon-

* Lewes, Biogr. Hist. of Philosophy, p. 622. Ed. 1857.

† Le Devoir, II^e partie, ch. ii.

‡ Paradise Lost, book viii. l. 390-2.

§ Ibid. book ix. l. 563-9.

|| Lamartine: Jocelyn, IX^e époque.

taigne his feline friend, or Dr. Johnson his homely "Hodge"), "We have been friends [lui-même et la chatte *défunte*] these fourteen years. 'Tis an old friend gone and left us. 'Tis a sore grief, this, to Judith and me. Between us and the animals—who are not *si bêtes* as people say—there's a closer relationship than is supposed."*

One of the late Gustave Planche's cavils at the Dictionary of Messieurs the French Academicians, was directed against their definition of man as "a reasonable being, composed of a soul and a body." In which definition he charges them with *tranchant* a question that Descartes discussed in such detail—with denying, in fact, that brutes have a soul. What, then, he asks them, becomes of the fidelity of a dog? Do you admit fidelity where you deny a soul? And if the dog be the most faithful of animals, then are there other animals of acknowledged fidelity? Do you believe in the fidelity of trees and stones? And so forth. But how much easier it is to put questions on this subject than to find unanswerable answers!

Among the sprightly criticisms on the fine arts so numerous indited by M. Théophile Gautier, is one upon our great animal-painter Sir Edwin Landseer, which is prefaced by some lucubrations, in the critic's off-hand way, on the nature and destiny of these puzzling "lower orders." The animals who with ourselves, he says, are denizens of the terraqueous globe—and speaking of them not from Natural History's point of view, but Philosophy's—deserve the "sympathetic attention of the observer," carrying about with them, as they do, an incomprehensible mystery, of which their silence may sanction a thousand interpretations, though small hope there seems of ever really penetrating it. If Descartes regard them as pure machines, Father Bougeant, the Jesuit, believes them to serve as prison cells, individually, for these fallen spirits which, without taking a share in the revolt, refrained from "pronouncing for the Eternal." That good Father contends, in his "Philosophical Amusement on the Language of Beasts," that each animal is inhabited by a distinct and separate devil; that not only was this the case with respect to cats, which—as

* Mémoires sur Béranger, par Savinien Lapointe, ch. xviii.

† Gust. Planche, Portraits littéraires, t. ii. "De la langue française."

Sydney Smith remarks*—have long been known to be very favorite residences of familiar spirits, but that a peculiar devil swam with every turbot, grazed with every ox, soared with every lark, dived with every duck, and was roasted with every chicken. Hartley Coleridge glances at extravagances of this complexion in his opening stanzas of *Animabus Brutorum* :—

"No doubt 'twere heresy, or something worse
Than aught that priests call worthy of damnation,
Should I maintain, though in a sportive verse,
That bird or fish can e'er attain salvation;
Yet some have held that they are all possess'd,
And may be damn'd, although they can't be bless'd.

"Such doctrine broach'd Antonio Margerita
A learned Spaniard, mighty metaphysical.
To him the butterfly had seem'd a Lytta,—
His wasp-stung wits had grown so quaint and phthisical;
To him the sweetest song of Philomel
Had talk'd of nothing in the world but hell.

"Heaven save us all from such a horrid dream!
Nor let the love of heaven,—of heaven, forsooth!—

Make hard our hearts, that we should so blaspheme
God for Christ's sake, and lie for love of truth.

Poor Tray! art thou indeed a mere machine,
Whose vital power is a spirit unclean?"†

Neither to Descartes' mechanics nor to le Père Bougeant's dynamics does M. Gautier seriously incline. The great philosopher's opinion nobody can easily adopt who has lived familiarly with dog or cat; while the good Father's is a fantasy such as nobody would seriously discuss, but, at the best, greet with smiles, as an ingenious yet absurd hypothesis. But there's no denying a something that "pre-occupies the imagination in this dumb creation, existing around us, and subjected to fatalistic laws.

"These animals are endowed with the same organs, the same senses, as ourselves,—often even of a far more perfect and subtle kind; they breathe, move, enjoy, suffer, and die; they have affections and antipathies, instincts which resemble ideas; they communicate among themselves by means of cries, calls, signals which, with a little attention, man himself can understand, and about which no mistakes are made by savages, trappers,

* See his *Moral Philosophy*, lect. xviii.

† Poems of Hartley Coleridge, vol. i. p. 234. edit.

peasants, shepherds, and all who live in solitude, in the presence of nature. Among those we have domesticated, what patient gentleness! what courageous resignation! what attentive intelligence! how do they share in our labors with all their heart and all their strength! how do they try to divine what is required of them, and what an inquiring, wistful eye they raise to their master's, when in doubt or ignorance of his will! And for this *loyal concours* what recompense is awarded them? scanty food, blows, and, when old age is come, hastened by excessive fatigues,—the butcher's knife, the *équarisseur's* hammer, the rag-picker's hook. So innocent a nature, and so hard a fate! a passive endurance so touching, and punishments so cruel! What original sin is the cab-horse expiating? what forbidden herb has the yoked ox browsed on in Eden, or the poor ass, blow-battered, whose frail limbs totter under that monstrous burden?"

And then M. Gautier tells us that when he was a child, the thought of these things tormented him greatly, and that, in his "infantine simplicity," he used to arrange paradises and Elysian fields for beasts that had been very good (*sages*): stables of marble, with ivory mangers filled with golden corn, for *chevaux de coucou* that in life had been overbeaten and overworked; well-warmed stalls redolent of sweet hay, that, in bully Bottom's asinine phrase, hath no fellow; meadows green with daisies pied, shafted well with tufted trees, "et dont l'herbe étoilée de marguerites leur montait jusqu'aux genoux,"—all in readiness for overladen cattle and meek-browed beasts of burden; while, as accessories to this very French beast-Eden, angel-grooms (*anges-palefreniers*) and seraphim cowherds (*straphins-bouvier*s) were at hand, in *ce petit Théophile's* beatific visions, to tend and minister to these beatified brutes, and pat them with hands softer than ever was cygnet's down. Elect asses browsed thistles of an exquisite flavor, that grew of themselves afresh in the dental process.

All this is not very orthodox, perhaps,—the ex-visionnaire admits; but it seemed to him conformable to divine justice. He cannot forget that St. Francis called the swallows his sisters—which friendly appellation might cause the saint to pass for a little maddish, his saintship notwithstanding; and yet, contends M. Gautier, he was right: "for are not

the animals our humble brethren, friends of a lower grade, created by God as we are, and pursuing with affecting placidity the line marked out for them from the beginning of the world? To beat an animal is as impious and barbarous an action as to beat a child. The Middle Ages, in their darkness, were all but afraid of animals, whose eyes, full of dumb questionings and indefinite thoughts, seemed to them lighted up by demoniac malice,—and sometimes accused them of sorcery, and burnt them as if they were human beings. It will be one of the glories of civilization to have ameliorated the condition of the brutes, and to spare them every needless torture.* M. Gautier is free to own that the English have long been in advance of the French in this path, but seems to augur trustfully from the fact that nobody now-a-days laughs at our love for dogs and horses, that ordinary theme for the caricatures of 1815.* Let us hope that Mr. Rarey's tactics may, in both countries, and many another too, have done much to speed the good cause. But it will be some time yet, occasional street sights and police-reports at home assure us, ere the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals need vote its own dissolution. *Tant pis* for the brutes who get beaten—and who beat.

The day may come, said Jeremy Bentham, when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny; when men will see that "the number of legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the insuperable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or, perhaps, the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational as well as a more conversable being than an infant of a day, a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what would it avail? The question is not, Can they reason? nor, Can they speak? but, Can they suffer?" And to that question, alas, no querist need pause for a reply.†

Mrs. Jameson avows her impression that in nothing do men sin so blindly as in their appreciation and treatment of the whole lower order of creatures. To the affirmation that love

* Théophile Gautier: *Les Beaux-Arts en Europe*. 1^{re} série, ch. vii.

and mercy towards animals are not inculcated by any direct precept of Christianity, she answers, that surely they are included in its spirit; though it has been remarked that cruelty towards animals is far more common in Western Christendom than in the East. With the Mahometan and Brahminical races, she adds, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves. Bacon* does not think it beneath his philosophy to point out as a part of human morals, and a condition of human improvement, justice and mercy to the lower animals—"the extension of a noble and excellent principle of compassion to the creatures subject to man." "The Turks," he says, "though a cruel and sanguinary nation both in descent and discipline, give alms to brutes, and suffer them not to be tortured." To Mrs. Jameson, then, who is apt both to think freely and to speak frankly, it should seem as if the primitive Christians, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals in the light of our fellow-creatures. "Their definition of virtue was the same as Paley's—that it was good performed for the sake of ensuring everlasting happiness—which of course excluded all the so-called brute creatures. Kind, loving, submissive, conscientious, much-enduring, we know them to be; but because we deprive them of all stake in the future, because they have no selfish, calculated aim, these are not virtues; yet if we say 'a vicious horse,' why not say 'a virtuous horse?'"† Elsewhere, the same admirable writer observes that whereas in general the more we gather of facts, the nearer we are to the elucidation of theoretic truth,—with regard to animals, on the contrary, the multiplication of facts only increases our difficulties and puts us to confusion. Dr. Arnold even declared the whole subject of the brute creation to be, to him, one of such painful mystery, that he dare not approach it.

* Advancement of Learning, vol. 1, book 1.

† To the three former adjectives very many will agree, and give their *ex animo* subscription. But, "conscientious"?—

† Mrs. Jameson's *Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*. (1864.) See pp. 207-218 *passim*.

But whatever the "primitive Christians" may have thought or taught, explicitly or implicitly, on the "beasts that perish,"—it is no rule without exception among orthodox moderns to deprive them, in Mrs. Jameson's words, "of all stake in the future." Paradoxical or not, preposterous or not, the hypothesis of an after-life for the brute creation has been sometimes mooted, sometimes favored, sometimes actually espoused, by accredited apologists for the Christian religion. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having "immaterial, sensitive souls, which are not annihilated by death."* Bishop Butler pronounces an objection to one of his arguments, as implying, by inference, the "natural immortality of brutes," to be "no difficulty: since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with."† John Foster, the Essayist, thus apostrophizes in his *Journal* a wee warbler of the woodlands: "Bird! 'tis a pity such a delicious note should be silenced by winter, death, and, above all, annihilation. I do not and I cannot believe that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life, the mere vapor of existence to vanish forever."‡ He would or could have criticised with sympathy Le Maire's "*Amant Verd*"—the hero of which has been mistaken by half-awake commentators for a man, whereas 'twas an Ethiopian bird, Marguerite of Austria's pet parrot, which died of regret, Miss Costello says, during its mistress' absence, and which the poet represents as received into "an imaginary paradise of animals where many readers who have lost and mourned similar favorites would not be sorry to fancy they were transported."§ Miss Seward wrote a poem *On the Future Existence of Brutes*. Samuel Rogers could "hardly persuade" himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life—"for instance," said he, "when I see a horse in the streets unmercifully flogged by its brutal driver."|| Hence, theists of the Theodore Parker school, who believe in a future life on the ground that it is necessary in order to

make intelligible the benevolent purpose of Deity, consistently extend the belief to the immortality of brutes: the ultimate welfare must come to the mutilated beast overtaken by some brutal man, else, say they, the universe is not a perfect world, but is imperfect in this particular, that it does not serve the natural purpose of these creatures, who go incomplete and suffering. "I know many will think it foolish, and some impious, to speak of the immortality of animals. But without this supposition I cannot 'vindicate the ways of God' to the horse and the ox. To me the immortality of all animals appears in harmony with the analogy of nature, rational, benevolent, and beautiful. The argument from consciousness is here out of place—as man knows nothing of the consciousness of the sheep and swine."* We find Mr. Everett the Methodist "divine" confessing to James Montgomery one day his almost persuasion that the brute race "will have a resurrection." To his argument from their sufferings the poet replied: "Their sufferings are not mental but physical, and are considerably less than we are at first disposed to imagine. Those lambs, for instance, that are frisking by our side, are rearing for the knife of the butcher; they will suffer death, but death to them will be only a momentary pang. The animals that do suffer in an extraordinary way, like the post-horses, and some others, form a very inconsiderable portion of the general mass; and even among these, there are very few, if any, which have not a much greater quota of enjoyment than of suffering. Their principal enjoyment consists in eating, drinking, and sleeping; and when we take into our calculations the large share which they have of each of these, their sufferings are fairly met: the notion of injustice is, therefore, without foundation."† The poet's logic would scarcely resist inquiry or stand a cross-examination; but let that pass. Dr. Johnson had a more characteristic and consistent way of evading the difficulty,—as when the Rev. Mr. Deane's essay, maintaining the future life of brutes, was mentioned, Boswell tells us, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who "seemed fond of curious speculations. Johnson, who did not like to

* Leland's *View of the Deistical Writers*, letter xxv.

† Butler's *Analogy of Religion*, ch. i.

‡ *Life and Corresp.* of John Foster, I. 155. Ed. 1852.

§ Anne of Brittany, by L. S. Costello, p. 370.

|| Table-talk of S. Rogers, p. 2.

* Parker's *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*, p. 198.

† *Memoirs of James-Montgomery*, vol. iii. pp. 296 sq.

hear of any thing concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and, being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious, metaphysical, pensive face, addressed him, 'But really, sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him,'—Johnson, rolling with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, 'True, sir; and when we see a very foolish fellow, we don't know what to think of him.' He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.* The hard-headed sage would have had as little mercy, no doubt, of Lamartine's sentimentalisms in the same "sad dog" strain:—

"Non, quand ce sentiment s'éteindra dans tes yeux,

Il se ranimera dans je ne sais quels cieux "

(we can fancy burly Samuel interposing a parenthetic chuckle at the *je ne sais quels*, and perhaps a Very well, sir, vastly well indeed):—

"De ce qui s'aima tant la tendre sympathie,
Homme ou plante, jamais ne meurt anéantie :
Dieu la brise un instant, mais pour la réunir ;
Son sein est assez grand pour nous tous contenir ! †

All this pretty pantheism would only have made the doctor squeamish—if, at least, it could have any effect on that robust constitution. He would rather assent *in toto* with those who hold, or have never seen reason against holding,—

"That all the lives which throng the air and earth,

And swarm innumerable in the slimy deep,
Die once for all, and have no second birth,—

That, ceasing once, they do not even sleep,
But are no more than sounds of yesterday,
Or rainbow tints that come and pass away." ‡

M. Sainte-Beuve, describing it to be the *tactique* of Montaigne, Bayle, and other sceptics, either to degrade man to the level of the beasts in order to rifle him of his prerogative of immortality, or else to elevate the beasts almost to a level with man, in order to compel the inference that if he has an immortal soul, equally so must they,—adds: "Now this is a conclusion which repels and makes

us ready enough to draw back."* And the critic applauds the manner in which Charron's censor and contemporary, the physician Chanet,† refuses to be impaled on either horn of the above dilemma, but traces out the boundary lines and specific distinctions between man and beast, which appear to him sufficient to justify the presumed difference in their destinies. The views of the spiritualistic philosophy are well represented in the writings of M. Jules Simon; as where he says, "All other beings are but parts of a whole; man alone is a centre; he knows himself, knows his power, and makes a free disposal of it. That of itself is already a pledge of immortality, for the life which God has given me has nothing in common with the existence of those creatures which, ignorant of themselves, have no further reason to continue in being, after they have once fulfilled their day's task, or made room for another individual of their species."‡ Elsewhere again he iterates the argument, as regards these poor *accessoires*, these *êtres secondaires, créés pour l'ensemble, non pour eux-mêmes*: § not being self-cognizant, they cannot be a centre of action; whereas man is conscious of himself, recognizes a moral law, and is aghast at the very thought of annihilation.

Nevertheless, there will always, probably, be Charles Bonnets in this world, so long as it wags, who will, in their kindly speculations, find room or make room for the brute tribes, in another. Charles Bonnet, the renowned Swiss naturalist, made himself benevolently busy about the future state of these his humble clients. In rapturous prevision he gives us his word for it, that "man, transported to another abode, more in character with the eminence of his faculties, will leave for the ape and the elephant this foremost place occupied by him among the animals of our planet. In this restitution of all things [*restitution universelle*] it may be that among apes and elephants will Newtons and Leibnizes be found."|| *Ce bon Bonnet!*

Mr. Leigh Hunt, again, from quite another point of view, and on quite other grounds, satirizes the pride that smiles in so sovereign a manner at the notion of "other animals

* *Causeries du Lundi*, t. xi. "Charron."

† *Considérations sur la Sagesse*, 1643.

‡ Jules Simon: *La Religion Naturelle*, Préface,

p. iv.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 314.

|| *Palingénésie philosophique*.

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *sub anno* 1768.

† "Jocelyn," IX^{me} époque.

‡ Hartley Coleridge, *De Animabus Brutorum*.

going to heaven," and which insists that "nothing less dignified than ourselves can be immortal." For his part, he is sorry he cannot settle the question, and confesses he would fain have as much company as possible, and can conceive much less pleasant additions to the society than a flock of doves, or such a dog as Pope's "poor Indian" expects to see admitted to that equal sky. It is as difficult to think, he avers, that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings—"people, who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office. To our humble taste, the goodness and kindness in the countenance of a faithful dog are things that appear almost as fit for heaven as serenity in a human being. The prophets of old, in their visions, saw nothing to hinder them from joining the faces of other animals with those of men. The spirit that moved the animal was every thing."* In no very dissimilar strain does Mr. Henry Rogers (whom those applaud and think so "funny" who would possibly call Mr. Hunt profane) meet and dispose of "proud man's" objection, that to suppose the brutes immortal is simply ridiculous. Granting it to be so, the professor submits that it is equally, or nearly as ridiculous, to affirm that they are *not* immortal—for what can be more ridiculous than to affirm that of which, either way, we know nothing? And his reply to the remonstrance that to suppose immortality of creatures so scantily endowed is too absurd, is: It is dangerous, O man, for *thee* to employ that argument. Is it not the very conclusion which a superior intelligence to thine—if it knew thee only in the same way thou knewest thy despised fellow brute—would form respecting thee? at least, if superior intelligence had not taught him what, it seems, superior intelligence has not taught *thee*, humility and modesty?

"Is it possible," he would say, "that this miserable biped, who physically manifests so marked a family resemblance to his cousin brutes; whose intellectual qualities, it is true, seem somewhat superior, though not always, to theirs, and insignificant at the best; whose moral qualities are apparently inferior; is it possible that this miserable compound of vast pretensions, enormous vanity, ridiculous arro-

* Men, Women, and Books, vol. i. pp. 187 sq. 1847.

gance, meanness, envy, cruelty; who dominates over the other animals; who is at everlasting strife with his own species; who sprang out of the dust, as his supposed inferior fellows did, and returns to the dust as they do, can aspire to immortality? It is absurd. Let us hope that he is only a transient blot on the creation, and that the universe will one day be relieved from his odious presence." Far be it from us (even for our own sake), adds Mr. Rogers, to whisper any doubt of the fallacy of such an argument; yet sure he is that an archangel might employ it with much more reason against us than we can against the meanest reptile that crawls. "Well," complacent man will say, "if all animals are to be immortal, let us hope, at all events, that they will not occupy the same world, or live in inconvenient proximity." "Kind heaven grant it," all the lower creation will eagerly reply. "Man cannot be more anxious to get away from *us*, than we are to get away from *him*." But in very deed, by the light of philosophy, we know nothing about the matter either way; and that is a beautiful school of philosophy (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things: "It may be so, and it may be otherwise. It is a point on which I only know that I do not know."*

"Behold we know not any thing,
We can but trust—"

or fear, as the case and our own disposition may chance. I hope there is a heaven for them, said the late Mr. Æsop Smith of his horses. And we say ditto to Mr. Smith. Not quite so fervently would we say it to Mr. Landor's estimate of the dragon-fly's future—yet neither to that would we, of *malice prepense*, say nay. This is his apostrophe to the said "insect king, of purple crest and filmy wing," that came to him as he wrote verses by the river's side, to "overlook what he was writing in his book"—

"Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live forever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!"†

The shrewdly suspicious may allege, however, nor quite without semblance of reason, that

* See the essay on Descartes, in *Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1852. Reprinted in vol. i. of Mr. Henry Rogers' Essays.

† Landor's Miscellaneous Poems, No. 180. (Works, vol. ii. p. 680)

Walter Savage Landor is more cynical than any thing else in these lines, and designs rather to hint that horny-eyed readers may be soulless, than that the insect king is immortal. But there can be no question of his good friend Southey's sincerity, whenever he uttered wish or hope of another life for bird or beast. For instance, his verses on the death of a favorite old spaniel have this ending:—

"But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and move . . . a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee."*

Robert the Rhymers was young, and rather hot-headed, and more than a little heterodox when he indited this valediction (to poor Phillis) and malediction (on biped bigots). But more than twenty years afterwards, when settled down into a model church and king laureate, he inserted this stanza among twice nine others, illustrative of Mr. Wright's picture of Lucy and her dead skylark:—

"I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is
seal'd;
Our Father hath not made that mystery
known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not re-
veal'd."†

Sydney Smith, on the other hand, is impatient of the affirmative hypothesis in such cases all and sundry. What, he asks, have the shadow and mockery of faculties, given to beasts, to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? have they any love of fame? do their small degrees of faculties ever give them any feelings of this nature? are their minds especially escaping into futurity? have they any love of posthumous fame? have they any knowledge of God? have they ever reached, in their conceptions, the slightest traces of an hereafter? can they form the notion of duty and accountability? is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the Deity, to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not?‡ The comfortable canon, with good capon lined, ignores the sufferings of the race

he thus consigns to dust,—and the mystery a single instance of brute misery presents,—the anomaly that seems to confront and confuse us (so long as we connect sorrow with sin and physical suffering with moral culpability, and admit the doctrine of compensation) in every galled jade that winces, and every starved, hooted, pelted, offcast dog that crawls under a hedge to die.

The immortality of the soul was a foremost topic in the last series of papers Professor Wilson contributed to the magazine whose fortunes he made; and it is observable that he here gave no countenance to a notion he had rather favored in earlier days, when exuberant in health and strength, and rioting in those *animal* spirits which made Kit North the very "king o' guid fallows, and wale o' auld men." Sadder if not wiser grown, he holds out no such hopes for the brute world, in his *Northern Days*, as he had joyously affirmed in his *Ambrosial Nights*. Here is a passage in point from his *penultima*: "We see how precisely the lower animals are fitted to the places which they hold upon the earth, with instincts that exactly supply their needs, with no powers that are not here satisfied."* Such is the tone, grave, temperate, reflective, of the *Dies Boreales*, of Christopher under Canvas. One and twenty years before, Christopher in his *Sporting Jacket* had written, of four-footed Fro,— "Not now, as fades upon our pen the solemn light of the dying day, shall we dare to decide whether nature—oh most matchless creature of thy kind!—gave thee or gave thee not, the gift of an immortal soul."—"thou hadst a constant light of thought in thine eyes—nor wert thou without some glimmering and mysterious notions—and what more have we ourselves—of life and of death!" etc.† But more emphatically is the affirmative sanctioned in one and another of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, by one and another of the convives. Thus, the shepherd *loquitur*: "I hae never been able to persuade my heart and my understandin that dowgs haena immortal sowl." And then, pointing to Bronte; "his sowl *maun* be immortal."—"I am sure, James," rejoins Tickler, "that if it be, I shall be extremely glad to meet Bronte in any future society."—"The minister wad ca' that no orthodox," resumes

* Southey's Poetical Works, p. 138. Ed. 1844.

† Ibid. p. 143.

‡ Sketches of Moral Philosophy, lect. xviii.

* *Dies Boreales*, IV. 389.

† Christopher in his *Sporting Jacket*, Fytte Second. Sept. 1828.

the shepherd. "But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin' insects that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep forever and aye openin' and shuttin' their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity. The universe is aiblins wide aneuch."* At another time the English opium-eater is made to discourse on "an affecting, impressive—nay, most solemn and almost sacred feeling" which "is impressed on the sovereign reason," in certain moods, "of the immortality of the brute creation—a doctrine which visits us at those times only when our own being breathes in the awe of divining thought, and, disentangling her wings from all clay emcumbrances, is strong in the consciousness of her Deathless Me."† And once again, but long afterwards, on the shepherd's avowal, "Aften do I wonder whether or no birds and beasts and in-secks hae immortal souls,"—the same speaker is supposed to reply: "What God makes, why should he annihilate? Quench our own pride in the awful consciousness of our fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us, conscience, than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed 'discourse of reason,' but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestation of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial-place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings

* *Noctes Ambros.*, vol. ii. pp. 12 sq. Ed. 1855.

† *Ibid.* p. 341.

of our souls."* Though we are very far from thinking with Professor Ferrier and others, that Mr. De Quincey's style is happily reproduced—scarcely would we say it is well parodied—in the *Noctes*, we may perhaps accept the tenor of these excerpts as not materially misrepresentative of what he might have said. The shepherd sums up in his racy vernacular what the scholar had been expressing philosophically: "True, Mr. De Quinsly—true, true. . . . Puir Bronte's dead and buried—and sae in a few years will a' Us Fowre be! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk." The summing up, if not absolutely and decisively in favor of these poor dumb mouths, which cannot plead their own cause in the "running-down case" their trial presents, at any rate leans kindly towards them, and would fain cherish, if not a reasonable hope, still a hope of some kind—possibly quite irrational, but certainly very humane, persistent, and sincere.

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill . . .

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

"That not a worm is cloven in vain:
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold, we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."†

* *Noctes Ambros.*, vol. iii. pp. 16-17.

† In *Memoriam*, § liii.

I OWE my success in life to one single fact; viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated

me forward, and shaped and moulded my subsequent and entire destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WARNING.

DAME ELFHILD and her niece occupied their usual seats in the solar window. Isola, too, at Gladice's persuasion, had left her chamber; and the change of scene, and the natural efforts which she made to appear cheerful in the company of her kind entertainers, were not without their good effect upon her health and spirits. Still, with the exception of the elder lady, they were but a silent party. Gladice's eyes might have seemed, as usual, to have been counting the stones in the old wall opposite, or the blades of withering grass in the court below; there was the same dreamy gaze and indolent grace as ever; but the cheek that leant on the richly moulded arm had an unusual paleness, and there was at times a passing contraction of the brow, observed by Isola's eyes, if by no others. For the Italian alone had no ostensible occupation, and she might be pardoned if her glance rested on the beautiful face, upon which the full light of the window was streaming, with far more interest than upon the elder lady's busy fingers, or any other object in the gloomy chamber. Dame Elfhild also darted occasionally a questioning look, such as she could spare from her more absorbing object, in the same direction; for to the various discursive remarks, by which that lady had been doing her best to enliven their little circle, her niece had made but short and vague replies. She was tolerably well accustomed to Gladice's moods of meditation; but she could not surely be wrong in concluding that the maiden's thoughts, on this particular morning, had taken a more definite shape than their wont; and she bore her inattention with admirable patience, and an inward smile of satisfaction. But as her own ideas of love's distractions were built rather on theory than experience, it is possible that her conclusions in the present case were wrong. It was a subject which she did not choose to open to the stranger whom accident had made their guest, even by the favorite feminine process of hints and smiles; and Isola's own position was too embarrassing, and her thoughts too bitter, for her to make any attempt to break the restraint by indifferent conversation.

Suddenly Gladice rose, and threw the lattice open, and called to the seneschal, who was passing across the inner court.

"I would ride this forenoon, Warenger," she said; "let us get to saddle as soon as may conveniently be."

Warenger looked up with some surprise, for the lady's tone sounded far more peremptory than he approved of; he was wont to be consulted with some deference on such matters. He felt it due to himself in consequence to make some difficulty, but he was not exactly prepared with one at the moment.

"To ride, did my lady say?"

"To ride, master seneschal; shall we be favored with your good company? I trust so."

His lady smiled so sweetly as she said it, that almost any other man than the old seneschal must have grasped at the invitation at once. It had its effect even upon him: he was preparing his line of defence to resist any form of dictation which could be brought to bear upon him, and here he found himself taken in flank by smiles and bright eyes. He made a brave show of resistance, nevertheless, before he yielded.

"Hengist hath caught somewhat of a wheezing in his throat—it were hardly well to ride him to-day," said Warenger; "unless, indeed, your ladyship would be pleased to go slowly."

This was an alternative which the seneschal well knew his young mistress would scarcely avail herself of.

"Nay, then, it is very ill-timed of him," said she; "but the blame lies rather with those who should have looked to him better; he would be well if he knew I wanted him. But there is the new palfrey which you have been mouthing for me, Warenger; I will ride him to-day."

The seneschal shook his head solemnly. "The saints forbid," said he, "that I should suffer it!"

"And why not?" rejoined the lady; "I saw Harry put him through all his paces two days ago, and he carried himself so discreetly that even Judith said she should not fear to mount him."

"Judith may ride what she will," returned Warenger, gruffly; "she is no charge of mine, and there will be no great outcry made if harm comes to her of her own wilfulness."

"Shame on you, master seneschal," said Gladice; "if ever you fall sick again, I will warn Judith to make you no more possets."

"Making of possets is one thing, good my

lady, which Judith may do well enough, but riding of half-managed colts is another. I would not put you on the roan-palfrey's back for the best of the Hope manors."

"You are more careful of me than I deserve," said Gladice; "but my good kinswoman here proffers me her jennet, which is staid enough to carry an abbess. So prithee despatch, kind Master Warenger, while the sunshine lasts."

"I misdoubt the weather," said the seneschal, looking round him ominously, as a last remonstrance, into an unusually bright November sky.

"I never saw it promise fairer," returned the lady in laughing contradiction; "we may as well make prisoners of ourselves all the winter as be scared by a passing cloud. You will not ride to-day, then?" she continued, turning to Elfhild, as Warenger retired from the contest with a protesting wave of his hand, and moved off to execute her wishes.

The elder lady declared that it was impossible to spare the time.

"And you cannot, I fear?" said Gladice to the Italian. Isola shook her head with a faint smile.

"Alas! no," she said; "but in a few days I will gladly try, for it is full time that I should myself put some limit to the kindness of such generous friends. I know," she continued, as both her hearers joined in protesting warmly against any such idea—"I know well there is no such thought in either of your hearts; but there are good and weighty reasons why I should take my journey hence as speedily as I may find strength."

Gladice alone saw the rising color in the speaker's face, and turned her eyes away.

"I must go prepare me," she said; and she left the apartment.

Finding herself alone, almost for the first time, with her elder hostess, Isola summoned all her courage to repeat to her the sad tale of error and suffering which she had already told to Gladice; and from the kind-hearted Elfhild she received at once, if not a more real and heartfelt sympathy, at least warmer demonstrations than from her niece. On one point only the confidence was incomplete—no mention was made of Sir Nicholas Le Hardi's name, and nothing escaped from the Italian's lips which could lead to any suspicion that the faithless knight whom, in the weakness—or the strength—of her woman's love,

she had crossed the sea to follow, had been so lately a visitor within those very walls. If such concealment was a fault, it was at least not altogether a selfish one.

Dame Elfhild's lively recognition of the stranger's wrongs was checked by the re-appearance of Gladice in her riding-dress. The morning cloud had passed from her face, and the smooth, open brow bore no longer any trace of painful thought. Isola looked at her as she entered, and with the warm impulse and in the expressive language of her nation, murmured audibly her affectionate admiration. Beautiful as ever, there seemed a soft consciousness now in the expression of the features, which made her more than ever attractive. The Italian gazed long enough to call up a blush in the cheek of Gladice, but it did not seem a painful one; and when at length she took her eyes away, filling as they were with tears which were not of sorrow, her companions needed no skill in languages to understand, in the soft, impassioned Tuscan accents which broke from her, the expression of her gratitude and blessing.

There had been no need to put into requisition, for the younger lady's use, the sleek and short-winded animal which went through life so easily under her kinswoman. Hengist's indisposition proved not to be very serious; and as Gladice caressed her favorite before she mounted, she smiled to herself at the old seneschal's palpable excuse, though she wisely made no remark beyond an expression of satisfaction. To Warenger she had never seemed more gracious, or in gayer spirits. Once only, before they left the castle-yard, she spoke with such a strange abruptness that the old man looked in her face to read there some explanation of the unusual tone, but it was turned purposely away from him. It was when he asked permission to carry with them one of the foreign hawks which had been the gift of Sir Nicholas, and without which he seldom willingly stirred abroad. That his young mistress, who had always loved the gentle sport so well, should object to such an addition to their party at all, surprised him; but the short and sharp terms, almost of displeasure, in which she refused this very natural proposition, were even more unaccountable. A few moments afterwards, however, when she addressed him again, her voice was as winning as ever, and he set down the momentary petulance in his

own mind as one of those curious anomalies of feminine nature which, he thanked Heaven, he had never had any personal interest in investigating.

Followed by a couple of grooms, they galloped along the level meadows by the river's side, at a pace which might have discomposed the old seneschal, had not great part of his life been spent in the saddle; for to-day Gladice seemed less than ever content to ride slowly. As at length she turned her horse to look round for her escort, whom she had outstripped, she saw that Warenger's eyes were fixed on the pathway which wound amongst the brushwood on the slope above them. A solitary figure stood there, which appeared also to be watching attentively the party below. As the seneschal rejoined his lady, still turning his eyes occasionally to the hill-side, the wayfarer suddenly waved his hand as if to attract their notice, and began to move down towards them at a run.

"Who comes yonder, Warenger?" asked his mistress.

"I cannot tell, so please you," replied the seneschal; "but he knows us, belike, better than we know him. I thought he was watching us when I first saw him; tis some knave that hath a purpose of his own, no doubt."

"It is Raoul, from Ladysmede!" exclaimed Gladice, as the figure came plainer into view.

"Nay, that may hardly be, saving your worshipful presence; my young gallant would not for his life be seen so far afoot of a morning, for fear of spoiling his boots." Warenger was very unwilling to think that his eyes could fail him now more than they did fifty years ago.

"Raoul it is, and no other," returned Gladice, "come he here how he may;" and she rode forward to meet him.

"It hath somewhat the favor of him," admitted Warenger sullenly, as he followed his mistress; "but it looks more like a man, and less like a popinjay."

Very unlike himself in deed did the young tquire look that morning, as he came panting towards them. Even had old Warenger's eyesight been sharper, he might have well been excused for being slow to recognize him. His handsome curls were all uncared for, his gay dress was torn and travel-stained, his face was pale, and the bright, bold look which became him so well was there no longer. Life had run so smoothly with poor Raoul

until now, that its troubles and realities seemed to have come upon him all at once. A night of watching and anxiety—the first, perhaps, that he had ever spent—had sadly dashed the joyous young spirit; and the forcing himself, with Picot's help, through the narrow window, lying close under the wall till daybreak, and then stealing cautiously through the wet fern and bushes until he was at a safe distance from the manor, had left him, in outward appearance, something which he himself would have been the first to have felt ashamed of. It was a guise in which he would have been very slow, at any other time, to present himself before a fair lady. Even Gladice could hardly suppress a questioning smile of astonishment as she greeted him. But poor Raoul was now in too serious a mood to waste much thought upon his innocent vanities; and if his countenance had lost something of its boyish grace, it had a wild earnestness which checked Gladice's smile as she read it closer. If he colored scarlet as she spoke to him, it was from no thought about his personal appearance.

"What is it, Raoul?" she asked. Her look was almost as eager as his own, as he raised his cap to salute her. "Has any harm befallen you?"

"No, no!" said Raoul—"nothing." He was out of breath. "I was on my way to the Tower, to tell you something which concerns you nearly, lady—I am right glad to have met with you here."

"And what may be the matter of such importance, that you should run afoot, as I guess, all the way from Ladysmede, Master Raoul, to tell me?" Gladice colored slightly in her turn, and spoke a little nervously; for the esquire's look and manner were painfully earnest.

"I would rather, if the Lady Gladice please to listen to me, speak a few words in her hearing alone."

"So be it, in Heaven's name," said old Warenger, contemptuously, drawing his horse back to a respectful distance; "be only discreet in your communications, young sir: I have no fancy, I do assure ye, to be a listener in aught that doth not concern me; I would I could shut my ears oftener to matters which I am forced to hear."

"I bear a message from Sir Godfrey," said Raoul, addressing the seneschal in a tone of haughty explanation.

"It must needs be a weighty one, that a gentleman of such experience is charged with it," said the seneschal; "let me stand no longer in the way of its being delivered."

"Pardon my boldness, sweet lady," said the esquire when he was out of hearing—"was any message brought from Ladysmede this morning?"

"None, to my knowledge," said the lady.

"Do not go there at present, if Sir Godfrey seeks your company," said Raoul, hurriedly; "if you are told that Sir Nicholas has left these parts, do not believe it."

"What have I to do, I pray you, Sir Squire, with Sir Nicholas Le Hardi's movements, whether he comes or goes?" She spoke, as she might be excused for speaking, with a tone and look of offended dignity. Raoul saw the color in her face, and felt neither rebuked nor abashed. He laid his hand on her bridle, and only spoke the more earnestly.

"I do humbly entreat your pardon, lady; that you care not for him, I know—God forbid it! but—but—I cannot tell why, but I fear some evil is on foot." And he told her of his interview with Sir Godfrey—all but the blow.

Gladice listened at first with a show of haughty carelessness, but as he proceeded, with gradually roused attention.

"My lord of Ely expected as a guest at Ladysmede?" said she, when Raoul repeated that part of his lord's message—"it is strange I should not have heard of it."

"Such was Sir Godfrey's message; but that which he bade me be sure to tell, and which I know is false, was that Sir Nicholas was to take his departure to-day."

"And this priest—this Father Giacomo—why are you so ready to trust him more than others?" asked Gladice, after a pause.

"Because I am sure he has spoken the truth."

"How can you be sure of it?" repeated Gladice; "the report I have ever heard of him has been evil."

"Yet I am sure of it, none the less," said the esquire; "I would pledge my life that he means honestly in this."

"And what pledge have I, beyond your own word, young sir, for the strange suspicions which you hint against knights and gentlemen of name? Why should I believe you?"

"Because—" Raoul checked himself before he had well begun his eager speech, and said, "Do you think that I could play you false, lady?"

"I know not—ye may be all false alike," half bitterly; but she did not move her eyes from the youth's appealing face, and he read in her look more confidence than her words conveyed.

"I confess I am strangely inclined," she continued, "to put some faith in your warning; and as for your own honesty in the matter, I have a thought to put it to the trial at once."

Raoul colored like a girl, but only answered by a profound obeisance.

"You do not think to return to Ladysmede?"

"Never!" said he, indignantly.

"Then listen." She bent forward in her saddle, and spoke in a lower tone, so that no word could reach the ears of her attendants.

"Ride for me straight to the mynchery at Michamstede, and ask to have speech of the lady-abess; she will tell you where to seek the Bishop of Ely my good cousin—he is surely by this time within a day or two's journey, if not nearer; and when you find him, say to him from me, that I would gladly take counsel with him upon a matter of pressing importance. You will do this? I have none that I may trust better."

"I will not fail you, lady,—be sure of it."

"I am bound to furnish you with a horse for my service. Lambert! this young esquire will hold it a charity for thee to change places with him—he does me the grace to ride to-day upon a certain errand of mine own."

Both the serving-man and the seneschal heard their lady's order with some surprise; but it was not for them to make objection to it; and Lambert, with as good a grace as he could command, dismounted and held the stirrup for the esquire to mount. Scarcely waiting to fix himself in his seat, with brief word of thanks to the groom, and a low bend of parting salutation to the lady, Raoul put the horse to his speed over the level ground, and was soon out of sight.

The Lady Gladice was very thoughtful as she rode homewards. On her, too, as well as upon Raoul, the stern realities of life were fast crowding all at once. She had made her first personal acquaintance with falsehood and with danger. But she was neither over-

powered nor dismayed. Rather, the call to earnest thought and action had roused her spirit, and awoke her from a life which had seemed to her miserably without a meaning or an object. She had now to call forth all her energies, and think and act for herself. In none of those about her could she look for a friend who could give her any real sympathy or protection. She shrank from disclosing to her aunt Isola's unhappy secret, at least until the latter should have removed to some quarter where she would be safe from any danger which she might apprehend from Le Hardi's vengeance. She had too much reason to fear, from the esquire's story, that her kinsman Sir Godfrey would not be over-scrupulous in the means which he employed to entrap or even force her into a marriage with Sir Nicholas; she felt by no means sure that the unfortunate Italian could substantiate her claim—however morally rightful it might be—as the Crusader's wedded wife, if he himself were determined to repudiate it; and she knew how lightly her guardian would hold all obligations which stood in the way of any cherished design of his own; and there was little settled law or authority in the kingdom to which she could appeal. Her relative, William Longchamp, she had reason to think, was little inclined to look with favor on Sir Godfrey; and once under his powerful protection, she would at least be safe from the persecution which seemed to threaten her at present: even if his advice should point to the cloister as her only eventual refuge, the vows of a recluse did not seem so wholly distasteful to Gladice at this moment as they had a short while ago.

Old Warenger looked graver, too, on their return. There was an uncomfortable feeling in his mind that something was going wrong, though how or why he would have been quite at a loss even to guess to himself. That his young mistress was to marry the Crusader was an established fact in his mind, as with the household generally; that she would be so unreasonable as to make any objection to an arrangement so very desirable—or, indeed, that she could expect to be consulted on such a point except as a matter of courtesy—would never have entered his thoughts. Still, having as sincere a feeling of affection for his old lord's daughter as his rude nature would admit, he had remarked to himself and to others, with considerable satisfaction, that the knight's

attentions had been received as graciously as they deserved, and with as little show of displeasure as might comport with maiden dignity. He would have been sorry to have caused his young mistress unhappiness; but that any such feeling could arise from the prospect now before her, which promised to set her free from the perils and embarrassments of a maiden heiress, and the chance (which Warenger's experience taught him was not an improbable one) of having her lands seized on some pretext by her guardian, and being driven herself into the dull shelter of the church, and to make her the honored bride of a stout soldier like Sir Nicholas—this was a piece of woman's unreasonableness which the seneschal never contemplated, and would assuredly have been inclined to laugh at if he had. He considered himself in some sort, too, as Sir Godfrey's liegeman; for it would have been easy for the knight of Ladysmede to have put the keeping of the old tower into other hands, in spite of any remonstrances from its female inmates: and if he had entertained any suspicion that young Raoul was at this moment engaged in counteracting the designs of his lawful master, he would not have allowed him to ride off so quietly upon his lady's errand. It needed some caution, therefore, on Gladice's part, not to turn her own household into enemies.

She recovered herself, however, as she re-entered the old tower, and met her kinswoman with even a gayer smile than usual. Her face was still lighted with the flush of exercise, and none could have suspected that there was an anxious restlessness in her thoughts. She was fully prepared for the intelligence with which Dame Elfhild greeted her. The message which Raoul had refused to convey had reached Willan's Hope during Gladice's short absence by a more trusty hand. Gundred had done his lord's bidding, if not with a very graceful courtesy, at least with no mistake as to the terms; and though the announcement of Sir Nicholas' sudden departure from the neighborhood had taken even Elfhild by surprise, the chamberlain spoke in such an important and mysterious manner of the emergencies of the king's service, upon which the knight had visited England, that his unsuspicious listener was more than satisfied. She did indeed venture to hint at the probability that it would not be

very long before Ladysmede would receive him as a guest again; and to this supposition Gundred—who was not slow to perceive what answer would be most acceptable—had readily assented. To the formal announcement of the legate's expected visit, he also made bold to add some more particular details, which would come naturally within his own department, of the extraordinary preparations necessary to be made at the manor itself, and among its surrounding tenants, to receive the large retinue which was now daily expected.

Gladice listened patiently while the elder lady, with some little excitement, repeated the invitation which has been conveyed to them by Sir Godfrey. She judged it wiser to be silent on the subject of Raoul's communication, and nothing in her countenance betrayed any previous knowledge on the subject. When consulted as to the answer which was to be returned, she at once agreed that there could be no good reason for refusing, and allowed her relative, during great part of the ensuing afternoon, to discuss with much vivacity the characters and pretensions of the good company whom they were likely to meet in the train of William of Ely. A year's residence in the seclusion of the old tower, though borne with all the cheerfulness of a naturally elastic spirit, and solaced by the never-tiring companionship of her busy needle, had not, as Elfild began to be conscious since the Crusader's visits, destroyed her interest in the gayer world of camp and hall and festival in which she had once moved conspicuously. The younger lady, after all, had perhaps been the more contented recluse of the two. The vague possibilities of the future are pleasanter food to feed upon than reminiscences of an impossible past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONFERENCE.

THERE was hurrying to and fro amongst the domestics of Ladysmede on the morning when the prisoner's escape was discovered. Baldwin had gone round early to the window of the tower, to convey some word of comfort, as well as more substantial cheer, to his unfortunate brother esquire. The severed bar and the empty chamber told their own story. The first feeling in every breast in the household, when Baldwin returned with this intelligence was hearty satisfaction that poor Raoul

was for the present beyond Sir Godfrey's vengeance; for it had been noticed that the knight's anger against him, though scarce so loudly expressed as usual, seemed more bitter and enduring; and even on their return from the banquet at Rivalsby, when Sir Nicholas had alluded in jesting tone to the enforced fast which he presumed the delinquent had been keeping, meanwhile, the answer from his host came in a low tone from between his set teeth, from which Baldwin, taught by experience, augured worse than from his most violent menaces and imprecations. In fact, there was a gleam of a better human feeling in the knight's present exasperation against Raoul, than even those who knew him best were inclined to give him credit for. The orphan son of an old companion in arms, whose widow had taken the veil, Raoul had been received into Sir Godfrey's household immediately on his return to his native country and his succession to his ancestral inheritance, and had been treated by his patron with as large a share of kindness and forbearance as his selfish nature was capable of. Sir Godfrey bore the boy as much love as he did towards any human being, and Raoul had striven diligently to entertain a similar feeling towards his benefactor. That a direct and contemptuous opposition to his will should have come from such a quarter, awoke, therefore, in the knight's heart, something of the bitter feeling which a nobler nature might have entertained at the first discovery of some base ingratitude in a son. He would have forgiven any one of his household more readily, because they were perfectly indifferent to him, except so far as they could minister to his convenience or his pleasures. He would strike them in his fury, or thunder forth a sentence of torture or imprisonment, just as he might hurl from him a faithless weapon, or dash down a vessel that offended his eye, or crush an insect that annoyed him; but when the vexed mood had passed, he forgot even without forgiving. His present wrath against Raoul had more of human nature about it, and was likely to be the more lasting. But while the first feeling amongst Raoul's late companions was joy at his escape, there soon succeeded a very natural apprehension for themselves. Perhaps the consciousness of many among them that they would willingly have had a hand in it, had they dared or found safe opportunity, made them assume at once that Sir Godfrey

would accuse them of a guilty complicity. Baldwin, the only one present who could really have been accused of any unlawful communication with the prisoner, bore the boldest front of all.

"He is gone," said he; "and I for one am right glad on't."

"And so am not I," said old Stephen, looking cautiously round him before he spoke; "what is to become of him, poor youth? though Sir Godfrey be a rough master by times, better ride after him than be running the country. If he had been content to bide where he was, things would have been like to go easier for all of us."

"There will be a grand stir about it, when our worshipful lord comes to hear," said one of the serving-men, who had been with others to examine the Falcon Tower; "the bar of the window is cut clean through, as I could cut a carrot; I never saw the like—it was never Master Raoul's hand did that."

"He hath had help in the business, no doubt," said Baldwin. "But give us our morning's drink, none the less, Stephen—trouble never sat lighter yet upon empty stomachs; and I would fain not be choked with dry bread, whatever else is to happen to me."

Stephen had paused upon the cellar step, astounded at the intelligence, with his empty measures in his hand. He cast a suspicious glance at Baldwin before he proceeded to fill them, for he alone was aware of the squire's charitable visit to his imprisoned companion, and naturally supposed that he might have assisted him to escape; but he was too honest-hearted to hint his suspicion to the others. There was a slight uncomfortable feeling, however, amongst the party at their morning meal; for the more all the circumstances of the escape were investigated, the more evident did it become that the prisoner had been aided from without; and it was highly probable that some one of those present was in possession of a secret which he dared not impart to his fellows. Nearly all the household were present, except the chaplain and Gundred, but these were the two very last persons upon whom any such suspicion was likely to fall: the chamberlain, because he was understood to be devoted to his master's interests, and was, besides, at all times more ready to lock up a man than to release him; and the chaplain, because every man there present felt

in his own heart, that if they had him once locked up safe in the old tower, they would take care to keep him as fast there as bolts and bars could make him.

Sir Godfrey was astir early as usual; and as none of his retinue conceived that it fell within the line of their duty to acquaint him with the fact of Raoul's escape—which, indeed, they would have been themselves ignorant of but for Baldwin's surreptitious visit—he had summoned Gundred to attend him, and made his way to the Falcon Tower with the intention of questioning the culprit, now that his blood had surely had full time to cool. Those who saw him go there made up their minds at once not to cross his path, if they could avoid it, on his return; but from more than one eyelet-hole or turret-window of the old manor there were eyes watching him with mingled fear and curiosity as he stopped at the door. Gundred had to apply the key with some force to the rusty bolts before they yielded. An exclamation of surprise broke from him as he preceded his master into the dungeon, for a glance was enough to convince him that there was no prisoner there. Sir Godfrey stooped through the low doorway, and pushed his attendant aside.

"Escaped, as I live!" said the knight, as he looked round him. "I thought thou hadst been a safer jailer, Gundred—what cursed negligence is this?" To any other of his followers his tone and language would hardly have been so moderate.

Gundred did not at once reply; he was engaged in examining the place as carefully as the dim light allowed. It was not until de Burgh had repeated his question in somewhat more emphatic terms that he spoke at all, and when he did, it was more with reference to the result of his own investigations than in deprecation or self-excuse.

"The tackling was strong enough to hold half a dozen men, much less a child like that; but there has been a piece of workmanship here I never saw the like of."

He produced the hand-bolt, the link cut through cleanly and evenly. While Sir Godfrey was examining it, he reached up to the window.

"Here is the stanchion, too—good iron, near an inch and a half thick—with as pretty a cut in it as the other. Marry, the tools that could do this might work a way through hell-gates, if they had time enough." There was

a mixed feeling in Gundred's mind—his mortification at the escape of his prisoner was scarcely so strong as his admiration of the masterly way in which it had been effected.

"He could not have done this alone," said the knight, after glancing at the window-bar.

"No," replied the chamberlain; "clever as my young sir thought himself, this was a point beyond him. I have heard of tools that would do the like of this, but I scarcely believed it."

"Did you set any watch on the place?" asked the knight.

"Nay, I had no orders to do that, as may be in your worshipful remembrance. He lay here safe enough, as I deemed. It passeth my poor comprehension," continued the chamberlain, still studying the severed iron.

"It is an ill-managed business," said Sir Godfrey, sourly; "there are wiser heads than yours, Gundred, about the manor, and we had need look more warily to ourselves, if we would not have them prove our masters after all—in other matters than smith's work."

There was a meaning in his tone; but if his hinted suspicion was meant to point to the Italian chaplain, he did not choose to give it more open expression.

"After all," he said, "the young knave will have punished himself pretty heavily for his bold speech. I had scarce dealt so hard with him as to cast him forth to beg his bread."

"The place is well rid of him," said the chamberlain; "he was good for little, that ever I saw, but to spend more money on laces than would keep a better man in meat and drink, and to twang his gittern o' nights, when honest folk would fain sleep, if they could."

"There was the making of a good knight in him, none the less," said his lord. "I wish you could have seen him, Gundred, when he sprang at me like a young wolf-hound after I struck him—it was thanks to Sir Nicholas that his dagger had not made close acquaintance with my ribs. Faith, I was rather hasty with him, too, I doubt; but he was a fool to chafe me."

"Will it please you, Sir Godfrey," inquired the chamberlain, "that we shall raise the country after him? it were surely easy to retake him, if we made search at once."

"Let him go hang," said the knight angrily. "Can ye take me the armor that forged this?"

He held up to his follower's view the broken end of one of the steel saws, which had attracted his notice as it lay on the ground at their feet, glittering in the ray of sunlight that streamed into the dungeon by the narrow window. Raoul had broken it when his tedious work of deliverance was all but completed.

Gundred took it from his master's hands, and examined it with admiring attention. The Spanish smith who had tempered it had sold its fellows for fifty times their weight in gold, and died without disclosing the secret of their manufacture.

"The like of it was never seen in these parts," said the chamberlain, as he returned it.

"Nor carried in an esquire's girdle," said de Burgh. "Canst take me the owner of this plaything, I ask thee?"

"I have heard much talk of Saracen steel," said Gundred, in a careless tone, without looking at his master.

"And wouldst have it this might have been some trophy from the Paynims—ha?" said the knight, turning round towards him.

"Nay, I know not whence it came—it may be the work of Mahound himself, for aught I can tell of it."

"Enough"—said his master, setting his teeth as he turned to leave the place—"we shall know more of this anon. Follow me now, Gundred—I have a charge for thee."

The chamberlain, locking the door as carefully as if he had a dozen prisoners in safe custody, followed Sir Godfrey into his cabinet, and in a short time was on his road to Wilan's Hope, charged with the same message which Raoul had contumaciously refused to deliver.

The knight of Ladysmede and his guest held graver discourse than usual over their morning repast. Sir Godfrey himself pushed away, after a few hasty mouthfuls, the tempting slices which the esquire, who knew his vigorous appetite, placed before him, and let the flagon stand beside him almost untouched. He ordered the chamber to be cleared before the attendants had well done their office, and related to his companion, as soon as they were alone, the circumstances of Raoul's escape. Sir Nicholas listened with his usual quiet demeanor, and was not loud in his expressions of surprise even at the mode of its accomplishment. He did more justice to the

good fare than his host, and though he also drank sparingly, it was his habit. But the other rose and sat down again from time to time, with even more than his usual restlessness and impatience.

"And now, as touching the lady of Willan's Hope," said Sir Nicholas, "it were time to bethink us of some less delicate messenger."

"I have despatched Gundred thither even now," replied de Burgh; "I would I had taken your counsel at the first—though I tell you now, I would far rather have trusted the boy if he would have obeyed me. I knew not till to-day what a nest of traitors I have about me."

"You had best have carried your message yourself," returned his friend; "the fair dames yonder would surely have come to the lure then."

"They would have read the falsehood in my face," said Sir Godfrey, with a scowling laugh; "I can swallow a lie in my conscience passably, but it ever sticks in my throat when I try to put it into words. I would give something for your smooth tongue, Le Hardi; but you have had more experience in the ways of the wicked than I have."

The Crusader smiled at the compliment—one of his most unpleasant smiles, which changed the whole expression of his otherwise handsome features.

"Words may fail us, though, at times—a bold hand, never. You will match me there, de Burgh. But tell me, is Father Giacomo of your council in this matter?"

"No," said his companion, shortly.

"And why not? we shall need his service, if all goes as we would have it; and it were surely safer to make a friend of him at once;—he knows far too much already, as you tell me, to make an enemy of."

"May the fiend take me if I know whether I am to hold him as friend or enemy at this moment! Ever since he carried the boy away, there has been little more, I fancy, than a hollow truce between us; yet for years he has been true to me, and he had long ago been a beggar and an outcast but for me."

"I can well suppose that he is a tool that needs wary handling," said Sir Nicholas; "but he must be dealt with in this business, and that speedily, if we would not have him meddle in it to our confusion. If it like you, I will speak with him myself."

"Speak when and as you will," said de Burgh; "it may happen that you shall understand him better than I do. But I would not trust him too far."

The intercourse between Sir Godfrey and his chaplain had of late ceased almost entirely. They were as much strangers as it was possible for those to be who continued members of the same household, and observed towards each other the decent courtesies of life. In the few words which did from time to time pass between them, Father Giacomo showed more outward respect to his patron than before; while Sir Godfrey's words and manner were apt to be rudely sarcastic, and such as, a short time back, he would have been slow to venture upon with such a master in the art of reply. Seldom now did the priest appear at meal-times, and never remained to share in the noisy conviviality which sometimes succeeded, when Sir Godfrey could welcome to his board some more genial companion than the too abstemious Crusader. Great part of his time was spent still—as had been his constant practice—in long, solitary walks to a distance from the manor; and when he was within the walls, he confined himself more strictly than ever to the little oratory in the turret, which, besides its communication with Sir Godfrey's own chambers, had a small external staircase of its own, and where his lamp, in despite of the chamberlain's protest, might often be seen burning far into the night.

It was here that Sir Nicholas found him, when he resolved to confide to him his determination to obtain, with the sanction of the king and of her guardian, the hand of the heiress of Willan's Hope. The two men looked at each other, as the Italian, without even a shade of surprise expressed in his countenance, rose and greeted courteously his unexpected visitor; and before any words beyond those of mere formality had passed between them, each was perfectly aware that he was the object of the other's doubt and distrust. And again Sir Nicholas felt an uncomfortable impression that he had seen those eyes elsewhere, before he met them at Ladysmede.

He judged wisely that, in a negotiation with Father Giacomo, it was best to speak to the point at once. Any kind of diplomatic circumlocution, or fencing with the real question to be discussed, he felt would be time and breath wasted, if not worse; for, strong as

Sir Nicholas might feel himself in the art of language to conceal his thoughts, he knew that in that art he now stood before at least a rival master.

"I think," said he, "Father Giacomo, it would be for our interest to be friends." Even this assumption of honesty, selfish as it was, hardly sat well upon him.

The Italian's eyes though not his lips, smiled as he replied, and the knight felt that the humility of his bow was ironical.

"You have need of my service?" he said.

Sir Nicholas found that the priest could be fully his equal in sincerity.

"I have," he replied, continuing the conversation in the Italian's own language, which he spoke admirably for an Englishman, and hoping by this means to win something of the stranger's confidence—"I have, Father, and am prepared to pay for it in kind."

"You speak the Tuscan in perfection, Sir Knight—you have been much in Italy?"

Le Hardi assuredly had not come there to be questioned as to his travels and adventures; but he replied with a courteous smile.

"There are few lands I have not travelled in, Father; in Italy among the rest—but it is long ago—is it possible that we have met there?"

"Possible enough," replied the other carelessly, "though such a chance were unlikely—I went little beyond the walls of my cloister there."

The knight tried in vain to recall those eyes peering from beneath a cowl in some Italian street. He *must* have seen them; of that he was more strongly convinced than ever.

"I have need of your services, Father Giacomo," he resumed, determined to confine himself if possible to the actual business of his visit—"in a matter which I have much at heart. And to prove to you that I can return your good-will, let me say that I am somewhat in your secrets already; I know where the boy Giulio is in keeping—the knowledge shall be safe with me."

The chaplain only replied by a courteous bow.

Sir Nicholas found himself obliged to begin the conversation again. "I am, as you may know, wellnigh a landless man."

The chaplain bowed again.

"I would wed with wealth and beauty, Sir Priest: churchman as you are, you will not blame me in this?"

The chaplain smiled.

"Men say, indeed," continued Sir Nicholas, encouraged a little by this token, "that the Church would fain keep both for itself; and, under your favor, what with mortmain and the cloister—to say naught of less legitimate methods—she gets the lion's share; but you will not grudge us poor men of the world the crumbs?"

"I will grudge no man that which he wins fairly, Sir Knight."

"I will win what I seek fairly," replied Sir Nicholas,—"with my sword and spear. In plain words, I seek the love and the lands of the Lady Gladice, Sir Godfrey's fair ward. I have the good knight's word, King Richard's special sanction—"

—"But not the maiden's consent," added the chaplain quietly without raising his eyes.

"That," said the knight, by no means disconcerted, for he was prepared to find his companion intimately acquainted with the designs and movements of most of the household—"that I shall not wait to ask."

"Or have already asked, and are little pleased with the answer?"

Sir Nicholas moved uneasily, and turned his face away.

"Suppose it were so," he answered with an unreal laugh,—"what does a maiden know of her own fancies? A little loving compulsion, in these cases, Father Giacomo, is often the only thing required."

"So are English maidens won? it is hardly so with us in the south. Yet it is a marvel to me," continued the priest, looking steadily at the Crusader, "that a knight of such a presence and such gentle and gracious discourse, as I may say most truly, should fail to find favor in ladies' eyes."

Sir Nicholas' face grew dark under the Italian's searching glance; but again he spoke in what seemed a bold and honest tone.

"I have been wedded once, Father; it may well be that I am the worse skilled in wooing again."

"So!" said Giacomo, in a tone of courteous surprise and sympathy; "I can well understand you, Sir Knight; your love lies with the dead; but you need the broad lands, and you would be generous and faithful to her who could bestow them on you. You speak honestly and well—you cannot feign a passion but you promise honor and good faith?"

"Ay, more, by Heaven!" said the Crusader,

thrown now somewhat off his guard by the other's open speaking. "I wedded where I thought I loved—it was an idle folly, and has passed; but I love now—love with a passion of which a youth's fancies are but the imagination—which you, fenced in by the vows of your priesthood, may have learned to cast from you, but which masters sense and reason in a nature like mine! But you are not my confessor, Father."

"No, nor you mine," said the priest; "we may speak the more honestly therefore. Listen, if you will. I have loved once; not," he said in a tone of sarcasm which he seemed unable to restrain, though his words were earnest and emphatic—"not with a love like either of yours. I loved, and I did a wrong; and the love and the memory live with me forever. I see a buried face, Sir Nicholas—not only in my dreams, but day and night the vision of her I loved and wronged is before me. Not always, but suddenly, it comes—the same pale, sad, reproachful face: it starts before me in the full glare of daylight—meets me in the deep shadows of the woods—looks into mine at the banquet, till all faces round grow indistinct—looks not in accusation, but in tender sorrow—checks the light word upon my lips, rebukes the evil thought in my heart, and seems like an angel holding back the sinful passions which shut me out from heaven—I see it now!"

His searching eyes had left Sir Nicholas' face, and were fixed with a stony glare upon the tapestry beyond. The knight turned round, pale and shivering, as if he too expected to see a face behind him.

"The church I serve," continued the Italian after the silence of a moment, "teaches us that there is one Hell, and one Redeemer—I tell you, Sir Knight, there are redeemers upon earth every day, that suffer to save us—if it may be—and a hell about us every hour, of spirits sent to torment us before our time! Go your ways, Sir Nicholas; you have my promise—I will help you to your bride."

The priest, as he spoke the last words in a cold, passionless voice, turned away as if to close their interview; and the knight, whose wonted self-possession had now wholly failed him, after some hurried and almost unintelligible words, rose and left the little chamber.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JOURNEY.

If Raoul's feelings had been less profoundly interested in the service which brought him to the gates of Michamstede, he might possibly have shown more embarrassment in his interview with the lady-abbess in her parlor. As it was, he spoke out his message with so much simple earnestness, that the wise and gracious lady who ruled the house, though she crossed herself with a slight shudder of pious propriety, when he named his connection with Sir Godfrey de Burgh, not only gave him readily the information which he required, but pressed upon him with almost motherly kindness the refreshment which his boyish frame really much needed, but which he would have impatiently refused, and even now, saving a draught of wine, scarcely more than tasted. She would also willingly have kept him longer in conversation, if he had not seized the first moment that courtesy allowed him to continue his journey. Gladice had been well known to the abbess from her childhood, for she had been an inmate of the convent for some months immediately after her mother's death; and it was with no little satisfaction that the Lady Brunhild now gathered, from the fact of Raoul's being charged with a message from her to the Bishop of Ely, that the young heiress at length intended to place herself under his protection; for she had more than once herself gently pressed upon her the wisdom of seeking peace and happiness in the religious life, and such she confidently trusted would be the result of her interview with the prelate; for she knew that William of Ely's wishes in the matter corresponded with her own. Not that the unscrupulous churchman took much care for the interests of his order, but he would rather have seen the fair lands of Willan's Hope swelling the revenues of the church than enriching any adventurous friend of Sir Godfrey; and it was much more convenient to free himself at once from any troublesome claims on his protection which their present owner might prefer, by bestowing her safely in the cloister, than by engaging in any contest with her guardian as to her disposal in marriage. He had some pride in the beauty and spirit of his young kinswoman, and had treated her, in their slight intercourse, with

much consideration : if he could have secured Sir Godfrey's consent, he would gladly have strengthened his own influence in those quarters, by bestowing her hand and revenues on some follower of his own ; but he had cared little of late for any thing but his own ease and pleasures.

Raoul rode on, revived by the generous wine of the convent, and cheered in spirit by the hope of doing useful service. He met with the prelate of whom he was in search even sooner than the abbess' information had led him to expect. Three hours' brisk riding, after he left the convent walls, brought him within sight of the towers of Ely. The bishop had not yet arrived at his palace, nor was it there that Raoul had expected to find him ; but he had learned, at Michamstede that he had lain, two days ago, at a castle some twenty miles distant, which formed one of the private residences of Hugh, Bishop of Durham, who now sat as lord chief-justice for the king, and was a personal friend of Longchamp. Halting in the city only long enough to rest his horse, and having ascertained from the bishop's domestics that, although they had orders to be in readiness to receive him at any moment, the day and hour of his arrival there were in fact very uncertain, as their master's movements were wont to be, the squire was soon again in the saddle, content to think that the object of his journey would be gained before nightfall. Scarcely, however, had he cleared the suburbs of the city when he met upon the road a single rider. Judging him by his dress and bearing to be of near his own degree, Raoul, who was prudently resolved to lose no opportunity of gaining information in a district wholly strange to him, checked his horse as the other was passing, and saluted him with some inquiry as to his route.

The stranger seemed in haste, for after a brief reply to Raoul's question, he would have passed on, without pausing to interchange any of that courteous gossip between solitary wayfarers which, in the utter absence of all our modern facilities of communication, was almost the rule of the road.

"One thing more I pray of your goodness—know you aught of my lord of Ely's movements ?" said Raoul, nothing daunted by the stranger's seeming impatience.

"My lord of Ely ?" The traveller's steed was easily reined up again, for he seemed

more glad of a breathing space than his master. "Have you business with his holiness, young sir ?"

"I have ; and have ridden far since morning to seek him."

"Then," said the other, "you may count your journey wellnigh ended. If it please you to turn with me, my lord will be in his own palace of Ely in the space of an hour. I am his poor esquire of the body, at your service."

In spite of Raoul's youth, and his present disordered apparel, there was something in his free and gallant bearing which won at once courtesy and respect from his new acquaintance, who in the service of the magnificent prelate had mixed with men of many nations and degrees.

Raoul was puzzled at first how to introduce himself, as he felt bound in courtesy to do, in reply to the other's announcement of his own position. But the boy's natural impulse was to speak the truth, and he had wisdom enough, unused as he was to difficulties, to follow that safe and simple policy.

"I am of squire's degree also, gentle sir ; I served the knight of Ladysmede—until this morning."

"I remember to have heard of him," said the other. "It will be best that you turn again with me, as I said ; I dare hardly promise to get you speech of his holiness to-night—he will be tired, it is like, with travel, and my lord of Durham is in his company ; but I will see you fairly lodged, and you shall do your master's errand in time to ride homewards again to-morrow."

"Thanks for your ready courtesy," said the young esquire, with some little hesitation ; "but my message to the lord-bishop comes not from Sir Godfrey. I ride to-day upon a lady's service, and did I not fear to seem too bold, I would go forward to meet the bishop, who, if I have gathered aright, is even now upon the road. I have scarce five words to trouble him with, but I shall hardly be easy until they are said."

"Nay, in that case," said the bishop's esquire, smiling, "ride on, in Heaven's name. I never rode on ladies' errands, and will by no means venture to judge of their urgency. But I trow I may no longer delay mine own. There will be scanty preparation for my lord's reception as it is. I trust we may yet meet at Ely."

He put his horse to its speed, as if to make up for the interruption; his parting speech being more creditable to his discretion than to his veracity.

Raoul proceeded at a slackened pace, doubting in his own mind how far the urgency of the Lady Gladice's message might suffice to justify him in the eyes of others (for in his own it took precedence of all other considerations), in stopping the papal legate upon the king's highway. He felt no hesitation as to his line of action; but as he watched every turn of the road for the appearance of the bishop's cavalcade, and thought with himself in what terms he might best accost so high a personage, and what reception he might probably meet with, he began to look forward to the interview with a tremulous anxiety which he had not felt until now; and when the spears and banners of the escort who rode in advance of the two prelates appeared suddenly over the brow of the hill up which the road had been gradually winding, scarce two hundred yards ahead of him, the courage and self-possession which had sustained the boy through the trying incidents of the past two days wholly gave way, and he began to tremble like a child. In great part it was physical exhaustion; for he had tasted no food that day, with the exception of the few morsels which the abbess had almost forced upon him, and the wine which he had eagerly drank had served rather to stimulate his powers for the time than to supply the place of wholesome refreshment. Dizzy in brain and sick at heart, he drew his horse up by the roadside, and was wellnigh unconscious that the foremost of the train had already passed him, and that he was almost in the presence which he had come so far to seek.

The escort of lances, who rode so noisily by, cast rude and contemptuous glances at the young stranger as they passed, and banded among themselves rude jests upon his sad and weary look and jaded horse, which, happily for Raoul's peace of mind, fell upon ears that would have been dull at that moment even to direct personal insult. They were the foreign riders whom William of Ely, to the indignation and disgust of his own countrymen, kept in his pay, and by whom he loved to be continually surrounded. They were drafts from half the nations of Europe—Flemings, Brabanters, Béarnois, Hainaulters, and many whose nationality might have

been as doubtful as their characters. Amongst them were a few Englishmen, the most reckless, perhaps, of the whole band. The prelate seldom moved from place to place in his official capacity without being attended by some four or five hundred of these armed retainers, who spread alarm and disgust wherever they went, although discipline was administered by their own leaders, whenever any graver complaint than usual reached the ears of the prelate, with a severity which was unknown in more regularly constituted forces. It seemed as if the haughty and careless churchman took a pleasure in defying the feelings and prejudices of the nation; and he succeeded by this conduct in neutralizing the respect and the high reputation which he might fairly have acquired, during the king's absence, by an administration which, though arbitrary, was on the whole just, and by a lavish munificence at all times popular with Englishmen.

The band of horsemen passed on, in their loose array, with shouts and laughter, exchanging their ribald wit with each other in their peculiar jargon, in which German, French, or Anglo-Saxon predominated according to the speaker's extraction; and still Raoul leant forward wearily on his saddle-bow, watching their disorderly march with a dreamy, half-unconscious gaze. They were followed by a troop of minstrels, also on horseback, wearing their lord's livery of scarlet and tawny, with tabors, trumpets, cornets, and other instruments, the combination of whose sounds produced at the best more noise than harmony, and who plied their art occasionally, playing a few notes in or out of time and tune, according as breath and inclination suited them, and producing an effect upon sensitive ears which might have made the noisy mirth of the spearmen sound melodious by comparison. At their head rode an officer, habited in cloth-of-gold furred with ermine, and bearing upright a tall silver wand in token of his office, whom Longchamp, with the assumption of princely dignity which he was wont to affect—not without some show of reason, since he was virtually regent of the kingdom—had named his "king of the minstrels," in imitation of the style assumed by the chief musician in the royal courts of France and England. It was Helion de Blois, reputed the most perfect master of his art in all its branches, whom Philip of France had vainly

endeavored, by threats and promises, to retain to be the grace and delight of his royal table; for the minstrel, proud in his degree as any monarch, and capricious as a flattered beauty, preferred the more appreciating taste—or the unbounded liberality—which, even among the courtiers of a foreign prince, were unanimously ascribed to William of Ely.

There followed a large body of armed retainers on foot, of somewhat more reputable character, because of less noisy pretension, than their mounted comrades: they moved at a rapid walk, which broke occasionally into a long, swinging trot, enabling them easily to keep pace on the march with the heavy Norman and Flemish horses on which the spearmen rode. At least fifty knights, or holders of knight's fees, each in complete armor and strongly mounted, formed the immediate personal escort which preceded and followed the legate. Right in front of him was borne the banner of the Holy See; and side by side, in dress and equipment almost the least conspicuous of the glittering show, on two quiet-paced palfreys, such as might besem churchmen, and which looked almost diminutive beside the stately chargers of some of the knights of high degree who kept the post of honor next the legate's person, rode Longchamp and his brother prelate of Durham. The legate himself, indeed, had a noble war-horse led by two esquires close behind him; for he loved better, like many of the prelates of his time, to assert his military position as a feudal baron than his spiritual dignity. He wore a suit of plain but costly armor; Hugh of Durham, his ordinary episcopal habit—the scarlet rochet and close black cap. Behind them followed chancellors, chaplains, and secretaries, and a long array of small ecclesiastical dignitaries who, in some real or nominal capacity, were the inevitable companions of their superior's official progress.

The baron—for his degree was no less—who bore the sacred banner before the papal legate, was now nearly opposite to Raoul; and though the youth had raised his head, and was gazing open-eyed at the bishops as they approached, still his consciousness of all that was passing before him was little more than the consciousness of a dream; the words in which he had meant to address the prelate had passed from his mind, his tongue and his senses failed him alike, and even the purpose

of his weary journey was wellnigh forgotten, when he was rudely awakened for the moment from this trancelike apathy. One of the knights who rode on the left hand of the banner had cast his eyes upon the young horseman who was halting—out of idle curiosity, as it seemed to him—by the roadside. He made a movement towards him as the standard was borne past.

"Uncover, sirrah, to the banner of the Holy See—where got ye that heathen nurture?"

Raoul lifted his hand mechanically to his cap, and doffed it at once with some incoherent words of apology for his unintentional offence. But in the sudden action he startled both his own and the knight's horse; and after some jostling, the latter backed so as to threaten inconvenience to the prelates who rode but a few paces in the rear. The knight, with a stifled oath, half inclined to resent the young stranger's awkwardness as intentional, seized Raoul's rein, and checked his horse so violently as almost to bring him on his haunches. Quite lost to all sense of the high presence in which they were, the esquire raised his riding-wand, and aimed a feeble blow at the knight as he leant forward in his stirrups.

There were loud cries of indignation from those who saw the action, and a confused movement which threatened more inconvenience to the bishops than the poor esquire's mistake. But Raoul neither heard nor saw it. He had sunk down gently from his horse, and lay on the ground in a swoon.

This result did not serve to lessen the confusion. Many thought that the knight had struck him; and a few of those who had seen what they accounted his insolent disrespect, were not slow to murmur that he had deserved it. None cared to render him assistance; and had he not fallen almost directly in the bishop's path, the train might have ridden on and left him where he lay.

William of Ely, who trampled without scruple on the feelings and remonstrances of a nation, would not lightly have spurned a beggar from his feet. He had seen something of the encounter, and thought as others did, that his own follower, zealous for the honor of Heaven, had struck to the ground the irreverent stranger who had refused or neglected to pay due homage to its representative. But he was not content to see the youth lie there motionless and senseless, whatever might have been his offence.

"Look to him, some of ye," he exclaimed; "hath he taken any hurt?"

The great man's humanity was contagious; and footmen ran forward, and knights prepared to dismount, to offer help to the stranger in whom their lord was pleased to show an interest. But Raoul had found a friend already. A young man—who, in spite of his plain dress, might be judged a person of some consideration, since he rode close behind the Bishop of Durham, side by side with the legate's chancellor and secretary—had already dismounted and left his place in the procession, and was standing by the side of the fallen esquire.

"I surely know his face," said he to the others who now pressed round him; "he is a near neighbor of mine, or I much mistake." He raised Raoul's head gently on his arm, and looked at him closely. "What hath chanced to him?" He had been too far in the rear to see clearly what had passed.

"He overreached himself in striking at me, and so fell from his horse, I reckon," said the knight who had first accosted him. "He rode at me as though he had been mad, and I did but check his horse. The foolish youth hath surely had a cup of wine more than he can carry."

"Nay, it is hardly that," said the other, looking kindly into Raoul's pallid face.

Longchamp and his brother prelate had stopped; and the Bishop of Durham, either out of humanity or curiosity, turned his palfrey's head towards the group, but the gathering crowd of heads prevented his seeing any thing distinctly.

"What is it, Waryn?" he asked of the young man who was supporting Raoul.

"This poor youth hath fallen from his horse, reverend uncle," he answered, as the others moved aside; "he is in a swoon, as it seems to me, for there was no blow given."

"Let some leech look to him, if it be your lordship's good pleasure," said Hugh of Durham, turning to Longchamp; "there be such in our company, I may safely avouch."

"A leech, ho there!" said Longchamp, turning to those behind him; "we should have some half-score of them with us, Jews and Christians, if they have not fallen out and cut each other's throats by the way. Send a brace of them hither—I commonly run them

in couples, brother," he continued, addressing the Bishop of Durham, "in hopes that one rogue may hold the other in check. I have mostly found that when the Gentile advises bloodletting the Jew swears by the beard of Aaron that it were rank murder in such a case; and where one compounds a fever-drink, the other will hear of naught but a cordial; so my knaves are fain to swallow both, for the little faith they have left them is in gifts of healing. In mine own case, I thank both for their counsel, and follow neither."

Two or three of the mediciners, of whom there were several in the prelate's motley train, whose art was half charlatanism and half superstition, were hurried up from the rear in obedience to their patron's order. They were for once unanimous in declaring, as was tolerably plain already to common-sense observers, that the youth had fainted, and seemed to be suffering from exhaustion.

"Who and what is he, Waryn!" said the Bishop of Durham, who had been told that his nephew possessed some acquaintance with the stranger.

"He is esquire, as I believe, to Sir Godfrey de Burgh. I have seen him often in his train, and have heard that he comes of gentle blood."

"He has fallen early into a goodly fellowship," said his uncle.

"Bring him away among ye in some fashion," said Longchamp, growing impatient at the delay; "there shall be lodging found for him at Ely, and the whole rascality of leeches shall deal with him there. We can do no more for him, were he of the blood-royal."

The council of mediciners, after some little discussion among themselves, the tone of which they prudently moderated so that little of it should reach profaner ears, had administered to Raoul some recipe which had at least the effect of reviving him a little. He opened his eyes, looked with a sick and weary glance round him, and made an attempt to rise. There were plenty of ready hands now to assist him; and in a few minutes he had recovered sufficiently to be mounted again upon his own horse, and, supported by a groom on either side, to ride back slowly in the rear of the company to the bishop's palace at Ely.

From The Examiner, 24 Sept.
FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPE-
DITION.

RETURN OF CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, R.N.

THE Fox, screw discovery vessel (Captain M'Clintock), which was sent to the Arctic regions, at the expense of Lady Franklin, to discover traces of the missing expedition, arrived off the Isle of Wight on Wednesday. On landing, Captain M'Clintock at once came on by train for London, bringing with him two cases containing relics of the long missing expedition of Sir John Franklin. The following letter has been addressed by Captain M'Clintock to the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

"Yacht Fox, R.Y.S.—Sir,—I beg you will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the safe return to this country of Lady Franklin's Final Searching Expedition, which I have had the honor to conduct. Their lordships will rejoice to hear that our endeavors to ascertain the fate of the 'Franklin expedition' have met with complete success. At Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated the 25th of April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that her majesty's ships Erebus and Terror were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N.N.W., and that the survivors,—in all amounting to one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain Crozier,—were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June, 1847. Many deeply interesting relics of our lost countrymen have been picked up on the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, by whom we were informed that subsequent to their abandonment one ship was crushed and sunk by the ice, and the other forced on shore, where she has ever since been, affording them an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth. Being unable to penetrate beyond Bellot Strait, the Fox wintered in Brentford Bay, and the search—including the estuary of the Great Fish River and the discovery of eight hundred miles of coast line, by which we have united the explorations of the former searching expeditions to the north and west of our position with those of Sir James Ross, Dease, Simpson, and Rae to the south—has been performed by sledge journeys this spring, conducted by Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., Captain Allen Young, and myself.

"As a somewhat detailed report of our proceedings will doubtless be interesting to

their lordships, it is herewith enclosed, together with a chart of our discoveries and explorations, and at the earliest opportunity I will present myself at the admiralty to afford further information, and lay before their lordships the record found at Port Victory.

"I have, etc.,

"F. L. M'CLINTOCK, Captain, R.N."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE YACHT FOX, CONTINUED
FROM MAY, 1858.

After narrating the progress of his voyage from Holsteinborg, which he left on the 8th of May, 1858, and learning nothing from the natives of the object of his search, at various places where he touched, Captain M'Clintock proceeds to describe the events which happened after reaching Beechy Island, where he landed on the 11th of August, with a handsome marble tablet, sent on board for this purpose by Lady Franklin, bearing an appropriate inscription to the memory of our lost countrymen in the Erebus and Terror:—

"The provisions and stores seemed in perfect order, but a small boat was much damaged from having been turned over and rolled along the beach by a storm. The roof of the house received some necessary repairs. Having embarked some coals and stores we stood in need of, and touched the Cape Hotham on the 16th, we sailed down Peel Strait for twenty-five miles on the 17th, but finding the remainder of this channel covered with unbroken ice, I determined to make for Bellot Strait on the 19th of August, examined into supplies remaining at Port Leopold, and left there a whaleboat which we brought away from Cape Hotham for the purpose, so as to aid us in our retreat should we be obliged eventually to abandon the Fox. The steam launch had been forced higher up on the beach, and somewhat damaged by the ice. Prince Regent's Inlet was unusually free from ice, but very little was seen during our run down to Brentford Bay, which we reached on the 20th of August. Bellot Strait, which communicates with the western sea, averages one mile in width by seventeen or eighteen miles in length. At this time it was filled with drift ice, but as the season advanced, became perfectly clear; its shores are in many places faced with lofty granite cliffs, and some of the adjacent hills rise to one thousand six hundred feet; the tides are very strong, running six or seven knots at the springs. On the 6th of September we passed through Bellot Strait without obstruction, and secured the ship to fixed ice across its western outlet. From here, until the 27th, when I deemed it necessary to retreat into winter quarters, we constantly watched the movements of the ice

in the western sea or channel. In mid-channel it was broken up and drifting about; gradually the proportion of water increased, until at length the ice which intervened was reduced to three or four miles in width. But this was firmly held fast by numerous islets, and withstood the violence of the autumn gales. It was tantalizing beyond description thus to watch from day to day the free water which we could not reach, and which washed the rocky shore a few miles to the southward of us?

"During the autumn, attempts were made to carry out depôts of provisions towards the magnetic pole, but these almost entirely failed in consequence of the disruption of the ice to the southward. Lieut. Hobson returned with his sledge parties in November, after much suffering from severe weather, and imminent peril on one occasion, when the ice upon which they were encamped became detached from the shore, and drifted off to leeward with them. Our wintering position was at the east entrance to Bellot Strait, in a snug harbor, which I have named Port Kennedy, after my predecessor in these waters, the commander of one of Lady Franklin's former searching expeditions. Although vegetation was tolerably abundant, and our two Esquimaux hunters, Mr. Petersen, and several sportsmen, constantly on the alert, yet the resources of the country during eleven and a half months only yielded us eight reindeer, two bears, eighteen seals, and a few waterfowl and ptarmigan. The winter was unusually cold and stormy. Arrangements were completed during the winter for carrying out our intended plan of search. I felt it to be my duty personally to visit Marshal Island, and in so doing purposed to complete the circuit of King William's Island. To Lieut. Hobson I allotted the search of the western shore of Boothia to the magnetic pole, and from Gateshead Island westward to Wynniatt's furthest. Captain Allen Young, our sailing master, was to trace the shore of Prince of Wales' Land, from Lieut. Browne's furthest, and also to examine the coast from Bellot Strait northward, to Sir James Ross' furthest.

"Early spring journeys were commenced on the 17th of February, 1859, by Captain Young and myself, Captain Young carrying his depôt across to Prince of Wales' Land, while I went southward, towards the magnetic pole, in the hope of communicating with the Esquimaux, and obtaining such information as might lead us at once to the object of our search. I was accompanied by Mr. Petersen, our interpreter, and Alexander Thompson, quartermaster. We had with us two sledges drawn by dogs. On the 28th of February, when near Cape Victoria, we had the good fortune to meet a small party of natives, and were subsequently

visited by about forty-five individuals. For four days we remained in communication with them, obtaining many relics, and the information that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore, off King William's Island, but that all her people landed safely, and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died. This tribe was well supplied with wood, obtained, they said, from a boat left by the white men on the Great River. We reached our vessel after twenty-five days' absence, in good health, but somewhat reduced by sharp marching and the unusually severe weather to which we had been exposed. For several days after starting the mercury continued frozen.

"On the 2d of April our long projected spring journeys were commenced. Lieutenant Hobson accompanied me as far as Cape Victoria; each of us had a sledge drawn by four men, and an auxiliary sledge drawn by six dogs. This was all the force we could muster. Before separating we saw two Esquimaux families living out upon the ice in snow huts; from them we learned that a second ship had been seen off King William's Island, and that she drifted ashore on the fall of the same year. From this ship they had obtained a vast deal of wood and iron. I now gave Lieutenant Hobson directions to search for the wreck, and to follow up any traces he might find upon King William's Island. Accompanied by my own party and Mr. Petersen, I marched along the east shore of King William's Island, occasionally passing deserted snow huts, but without meeting natives till the 8th of May, when off Cape Norton we arrived at a snow village containing about thirty inhabitants. They gathered about us without the slightest appearance of fear or shyness, although none had ever seen living white people before. They were most willing to communicate all their knowledge and barter all their goods, but would have stolen every thing had they not been very closely watched. Many more relics of our countrymen were obtained; we could not carry away all we might have purchased. They pointed to the inlet we had crossed the day before, and told us that one day's march up it, and thence four days onward, brought them to the wreck. None of these people had been there since 1857-8, at which time they said but little remained, their countrymen having carried away almost every thing. Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman; she said it was on the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore; many of the white men dropped by the way as they went towards the Great River; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered. They all assured us that we would find na-

tives upon the south shore, at the Great River, and some few at the wreck; but unfortunately this was not the case. Only one family was met with off Point Booth, and none at Montreal Island or any place subsequently visited. Point Ogle, Montreal Island, and Barrow Island were searched without finding any thing except a few scraps of copper and iron in an Esquimaux hiding-place. Recrossing the strait to King William's Island, we continued the examination of its southern shore without success until the 24th of May, when about ten miles eastward of Cape Herschell a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow a small pocket-book was found, containing a few letters. These, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress, this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion, that they dropped as they walked along. On reaching Cape Herschell next day, we examined Simpson's Cairn, or rather what remains of it, which is only four feet high, and the central stones have been removed, as if by men seeking something within it. My impression at the time, and which I still retain, is that records were deposited there by the retreating crews, and subsequently removed by the natives.

"After parting from me at Cape Victoria on the 28th of April, Lieutenant Hobson made for Cape Felix. At a short distance westward of it he found a very large cairn, and close to it three small tents, with blankets, old clothes, and other relics of a shooting or a magnetic station; but although the cairn was dug under, and a trench dug all round it at a distance of ten feet, no record was discovered. A piece of blank paper was found in the cairn, and two broken bottles, which may, perhaps, have contained records, lay beside it among some stones which had fallen from off the top. The most interesting articles discovered here, including the boat's ensign, were brought away by Mr. Hobson. About two miles further to the south-west a small cairn was found, but neither records nor relics obtained. About three miles north of Point Victory a second small cairn was examined, but only a broken pickaxe and empty canister found. On the 6th of May, Lieutenant Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying amongst some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn, was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows: This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, upon the assumed site of Sir James Ross' pillar, which had not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at

Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70 05 N., and long. 98 23 W. Sir J. Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N.N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, one hundred and five in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier. This paper was dated April 25, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date was nine officers and fifteen men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewn about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with; pickaxes, shovels, boots, cooking utensils, iron-work, rope, blocks, canvass, a dip circle, a sextant engraved 'Frederic Hornby, R.N.,' a small medicine-chest, oars, etc. A few miles southward, across Back Bay, a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieutenant Gore and M. des Vœux, in May, 1847. It afforded no additional information. Lieut. Hobson continued his search until within a few days' march of Cape Herschell, without finding any trace of the wreck or of natives. He left full information of his important discoveries for me; therefore, when returning northward by the west shore of King William's Island, I had the advantage of knowing what had already been found. Soon after leaving Cape Herschell the traces of natives became less numerous and less recent, and after rounding the west point of the island they ceased altogether. This shore is extremely low, and almost utterly destitute of vegetation. Numerous banks of shingle and low islets lie off it, and beyond these Victoria Strait is covered with heavy and impenetrable packed ice. When in lat. 69 deg. 09 N., and long. 99 deg. 27 W., we came to a large boat, discovered by Lieut. Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured twenty-eight feet in length, by seven and a half feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat. A large quantity of clothing was found in her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious

books were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any articles of clothing. Two double-barrelled guns stood upright against the boat's side precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance, also thirty or forty pounds of chocolate, some tea and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift tree lay within one hundred yards of the boat.

"Many very interesting relics were brought away by Lieut. Hobson, and some few by myself. On the 5th of June I reached Point Victory without having found any thing further. The clothing, etc., was again examined, for documents, note-books, etc., without success, a record placed in the cairn, and another buried ten feet true north of it. Nothing worthy of remark occurred upon my return journey to the ship, which we reached on the 19th of June, five days after Lieut. Hobson. The shore of King William's Island between its north and west extremes, Capes Felix and Crozier, has not been visited by Esquimaux since the abandonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, as the cairns and articles lying strewn about, which are in their eyes of priceless value, remain untouched. If the wreck still remains visible it is probable she lies upon some of the off-lying islets to the southward between Capes Crozier and Herschell.

"On the 28th of June, Captain Young and his party returned, having completed their portion of the search, by which the insularity of Prince of Wales' Land was determined, and the coast line intervening between the extreme points reached by Lieutenants Osborne and Browne discovered; also between Bellot Strait and Sir James Ross' furthest in 1849, at Four River Bay. Fearing that his provisions might not last out the requisite period Captain Young sent back four of his men, and for forty days journeyed on through fogs and gales with but one man and the dogs, building a snow hut each night; but few men could stand so long a continuance of labor and privation, and its effect upon Captain Young was painfully evident. Lieut. Hobson was unable to stand without assistance upon his return on board; he was not in good health when he commenced his long journey, and the sudden severe exposure brought on a serious attack of scurvy; yet he also most ably completed his work; and such facts will more clearly evince the unflinching spirit with which the object of our voyage has been pursued in these detached duties than any praise of mine.

"We were now, at length, all on board again. As there were some slight cases of scurvy, all our treasured resources of Burton ale, lemon juice, and fresh animal food were

put into requisition, so that in a comparatively short time all were restored to sound health. During our sojourn in Port Kennedy we were twice called upon to follow a shipmate to the grave. Mr. George Brands, engineer, died of apoplexy, on the 6th of November, 1858; he had been out deer-shooting several hours that day, and appeared in excellent health. On the 14th of June, 1859, Thomas Blackwell, ship's steward, died of scurvy; this man had served in two of the former searching expeditions. The summer proved a warm one; we were able to start upon our homeward voyage on the 9th of August, and although the loss of the engine-driver in 1857, and of the engineer in 1858, left us with only two stokers, yet, with their assistance, I was able to control the engines and steam the ship up to Fury Point. For six days we lay there closely beset, when a change of wind removing the ice, our voyage was continued almost without further interruption to Godhaven, in Disco, where we arrived on the 27th of August, and were received with great kindness by Mr. Olick, inspector of North Greenland, and the local authorities who obligingly supplied our few wants. The two Esquimaux dog-drivers were now discharged, and on the 1st of September we sailed for England.

"From all that can be gleaned from the record paper, and the evidence afforded by the boat, and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted during the third winter to render the travelling equipments complete. It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board, far more perhaps than they themselves were aware of. The distance by sledge route, from the position of the ships when abandoned, to the boat, is sixty-five geographical miles; and from the ships to Montreal Island two hundred and twenty miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout. In order to extend as much as possible the public utility of this voyage, magnetical, meteorological, and other observations, subservient to scientific purposes, and for which instruments were supplied through the liberality of the Royal Society, have been continually and carefully taken, and every opportunity has been embraced by the surgeon, D. Walker, M.D., of forming complete collections in all the various branches of natural history. This report would be incomplete did I not mention the obligations I have been laid under to the companions of my voyage, both officers and men, by their zealous and unvarying support throughout. A feeling of entire devotion to the cause, which Lady Franklin has so nobly sustained, and a firm determination to effect

all that men could do, seems to have supported them through every difficulty. With less of this enthusiastic spirit, and cheerful obedience to every command, our small number—twenty-three in all—would not have sufficed for the successful performance of so great a work.

"F. L. MCCLINTOCK, Capt. R.N.,
"Commanding the final Searching Expedition.

"The yacht Fox, R.Y.S., off the Isle of Wight, Sept. 21, 1859."

Descriptions here follow of the various relics which were brought home by Capt. McClintock, and of others which were seen, but not removed, and appended to his report are the annexed copies of original papers found by Capt. McClintock on Prince of Wales' Island:—

"— of May, 1847.

"Her majesty's ships Erebus and Terror wintered in the ice in lat. 70 deg. 5 min., long. 98 deg. 23 min. W. Having wintered in 1846-7, at Beechy Island, in lat. 74 deg. 43 min. 28 sec. N., long. 91 deg. 39 min. 15 sec. W., after ascending Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg., and returning by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

"SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

"Commanding the Expedition.

"All well.

"Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the secretary of the Admiralty, London, with a note of the time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest port.

"The same in French, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, and German.

"Left the ships Monday, the 24th of May, 1857, the party consisting of two officers and six men.

"G. M. GORE, Lieutenant.

"CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate."

The Secretary of the Admiralty has affixed this note to the above:—

"The words 'wintered in 1846-47 at Beechy Island,' should be 'in 1845-46,' as in 1846-47 they were beset in the ice, and the ships abandoned in April, 1848. The same mistake occurs in both papers.

"Admiralty, Sept. 22."

From The Saturday Review.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE discovery of authentic evidence of the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition brings to a close one of the most singular episodes in the nautical and scientific history of this country. We have frequently had occasion to comment on the accounts which different

persons who have taken part in the search after the missing expedition have given of their operations; and some of the books which we have thus noticed, have been perhaps as remarkable as any books of travels ever published. The wonderful narrative of Dr. Kane, and Mr. Sherard Osborne's account of Sir R. McClure's discovery of the North-West Passage, which had been so long the dream of Arctic explorers, are entitled, both by their moral and by their literary merits, to a very high and permanent place in literature; for they record feats of courage, perseverance, and moral and physical endurance which have never, we think, been equalled in real life or even in fiction. Indeed, the exploits performed in the search after Sir John Franklin would appear to have been more extraordinary than those which he performed himself, great as they undoubtedly were. The whole history is one of the most varied, romantic, and heroic to be met with in modern times.

It must, however, be confessed that, grand as is the spectacle of the heroism lavished on the double object of assisting Sir John Franklin and exploring the Arctic regions, the history of the matter is one of the most intricate and complicated that can be conceived. To make out precisely where the different expeditions went, what they wanted, and what they effected, is no easy task. It now appears that several of the most distinguished of them were as wide of the mark at which they aimed as if they had searched the Atlantic or the Pacific. Thus, Sir R. McClure did not cross Sir John Franklin's track till he reached Barrow Strait; Dr. Kane went in a direction entirely opposite to that in which the wreck took place; and the squadron under the command of Sir Edward Belcher left the essential point far to the south-east. This is no discredit to these eminent men. It merely shows how large a net it was necessary to cast in order that every part of the frozen archipelago which surrounds the Pole might be thoroughly explored. It is, however, a curious fact, that the scene of the catastrophe should have been the very last portion of the whole region which was thoroughly explored.

The intricate manner in which land and water are mixed together in the Polar Seas makes it extremely difficult to give a clear view of the subject without the help of maps; but we will make an attempt to do so. The

general configuration of the Polar regions is somewhat as follows:—Between Greenland and North America lies Davis' Strait, which opens into Baffin's Bay. From the west of Baffin's Bay runs a broad arm of the sea, which, under the names of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, leads into a sort of basin called Melville Sound. Melville Sound is surrounded on all sides by large, irregular islands, two of which at its western extremity, called Melville Island, on the N.E., and Banks' Land, on the S.W., are separated by Banks' Strait, which leads into the frozen, but otherwise open, sea that extends along the western coast of North America, and communicates with the North Pacific Ocean by Behring's Straits. This is the North-West Passage, first discovered by Sir R. M'Clure. It may be roughly compared to the passage from the Greek Archipelago to the Black Sea. If the former stands for Baffin's Bay, and the latter for the sea which is entered from the Pacific by Behring's Straits, the Dardanelles will roughly stand for Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, the Sea of Marmora for Melville Sound, and the Bosphorus for Banks' Strait. This passage, however, is not a simple one, but is broken up by several straits and inlets, which run out of it towards the north and towards the south. At the point of junction between Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait—which, to vary the comparison, stand in the relative positions of Holborn and Oxford Street—one wide channel runs to the north, and two others to the south. The northern passage, which may be compared to Gray's-inn Lane, is called Wellington Channel; the two southern passages, which may be represented respectively by Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane, are Prince Regent's Inlet and Peel Sound; and the island which separates them is North Somerset. South of North Somerset lie two other islands if, indeed, one of them is not a part of the main land of North America), Boothia and King William's Land. Boothia stands to North Somerset in precisely the same relation as Sardinia to Corsica, and is separated from it by Bellot Strait. King William's Land lies to the west, and somewhat to the south of Boothia; and south of these lie the North American Continent and the Great Fish or Back River. It was on the western coast of King William's Island that the remains of Franklin's party were

found, and his ships were abandoned in the ice a short distance to the west of its northern extremity.

The course taken by Sir John Franklin seems to have been as follows:—His ships were last seen on the 26th July, 1845, in the middle of Baffin's Bay. From thence it appears that he made his way to Barrow Strait, and instead of proceeding through the strait into Melville Sound, turned to the north up Wellington Channel, and, proceeding round Cornwallis Island (one of the northerly boundaries of Melville Sound), returned to Beechy Island, at the bottom of Wellington Channel, and there wintered. It does not appear that he pursued his course through Melville Sound to the westward; but he turned to the south, and on the 12th September, 1846, was beset by the ice at a point a little to the north of the northern extremity of King William's Island, which he may probably have reached by descending Peel's Sound. Here the ships were imprisoned, drifting no doubt in the ice for more than a year and a half, for they were abandoned on the 22nd April, 1848, in the immediate neighborhood of King William's Island, at no great distance from the point where they were beset. It was during this eighteen months' imprisonment, on the 11th June, 1847, that Sir John Franklin died. On abandoning the ships, the survivors, one hundred and five in number, under the command of Captain Crozier, landed, with the intention of making their way overland to the Great Fish River, and left a paper which has just been discovered, stating these facts. A second paper to the same effect, but dated a fortnight later, was also discovered. It is the last authentic record of their proceedings. The rest is conjecture founded on hearsay, and on discoveries which are still vexatiously incomplete. Several natives discovered by Lieutenant Hobson and Captain M'Clintock, spoke to the fact that the white men had left the ship, and that many of them had fallen by the road on their way towards the Great Fish River; and on examining the locality many discoveries were made which corroborated this statement. Great quantities of clothing and stores were found strewed about at the place where the landing occurred and the paper was found; and a boat mounted on a sledge containing two skeletons and a quantity of stores of various kinds, was also

discovered in a position which appeared to indicate that an effort had been made to return with it to the abandoned ships. Several other skeletons and a variety of articles of different kinds which had obviously belonged to members of the expedition were found on the shores of King William's Island. With the exception of the evidence of the Esquimaux, nothing whatever has been ascertained as to the fate of the party commanded by Captain Crozier.

Notwithstanding all that has been said upon the subject, we cannot but feel that, so long as the fate of this body of men is not cleared up, it would ill become the country to abandon all hopes of learning more on the subject. It is highly probable that some of them, at all events, reached the Continent; and, as human life can be, and is, supported by the savage tribes who inhabit these regions, it is not impossible that a few of them may still be living amongst the Esquimaux or the Indian tribes who inhabit the extreme north of the American Continent. It would, moreover, be on every account of great consequence to discover the wrecks of the *Erebus* and *Terror*; and, as we now know exactly where to look for them, and as a very small expedition would suffice for the discovery of all that ever can be discovered, it would seem important that the trifling additional effort which would be required should not be omitted. We cannot sympathize with the language which is only too common about the duty of not risking more valuable lives. The number of men required would be very small. Captain M'Clintock had with him no more than twenty-three in all, and no one would be under compulsion. Men risk their lives every day on far less serious matters; and life would not be worth the trouble of keeping if they did not. No one objects to fox-hunting, or to climbing the Alps, or to trading with the coast of Africa, because such pursuits are dangerous for imprudent, timid, or weakly persons; and we cannot conceive why men who are ready and willing to take the risk of an Arctic voyage should be discouraged from doing so. The object in view is worth as much as a cargo of palm-oil, and the risk from the cold and ice in the one case is not much greater than the risk from fever in the other. To send out a great expedition would, of course, be unjustifiable; but to enable some thirty or forty volunteers to run the risk im-

plied in an adventurous expedition is altogether another thing, and if such an offer is made to the Admiralty, we hope it may be accepted.

With respect to the expedition which has just returned, we have as yet but few details; but there can be no doubt that it has been conducted with all the gallantry which the former exploits of Arctic explorers would have led us to expect. The *Fox* wintered near Bellot's Strait, and Captain M'Clintock, Captain Young, and Lieutenant Hobson seem to have made journeys in different directions on sledges, the result of which was to elicit the information which we have described. It would appear that these journeys involved the greatest hardships and exertions, and, on some occasions, imminent danger. We hope that a more detailed account of them may be shortly laid before the public.

It is an act of justice to point out that, though the locality in which Sir John Franklin's ships were abandoned, and in which the relics of his crews have been found, has only just been effectively explored, the probability that its exploration would throw light on the fate of the missing expedition was suggested nearly ten years ago by a gentleman who personally took part in an attempt to carry out his own suggestion. This was Mr. W. Parker Snow, to whose writings we have had occasion to refer more than once in these columns. In January, 1850, Mr. Snow wrote a letter to Lady Franklin (printed in the Parliamentary Papers respecting the Arctic expeditions for that year) in which he suggested that a party should be sent overland to the neighborhood of the mouth of the Great Fish River, and that this party should separate into three branches—one to proceed westwards towards the easternmost limits of discovery then made from Behring's Straits—another north, towards the magnetic pole—and a third somewhat to the east of north, towards Prince Regent's Inlet. The western division was to bear to the east, and the eastern to the west, so as ultimately to unite with the central division which was to make for the magnetic pole. If this plan had been adopted, either the western or the central division must have come upon Captain Crozier's party, or, at any rate, on traces of them.

In the spring after this suggestion, Lady Franklin sent out a small vessel called the *Prince Albert*, under the command of Captain

Forsyth, in which Mr. Snow served as second officer. The object of this expedition was "to convey a party to Regent Inlet, for the search of its western shore, and of the passages or isthmuses connecting it with, or dividing it from, the Western Sea." The plan proposed was to explore from the north the same tract of country which Mr. Snow had proposed to explore from the south; and there is a considerable probability that if the design had been carried out it would have succeeded, for the parties from the *Fox* started from the very place (Brentford Bay) which would have

been the point of departure for the explorations of the *Prince Albert* if she had succeeded in reaching it. No attempt of the kind was, however, made, and the *Prince Albert* returned to England without wintering. It is justice to Mr. Snow to say that there are a variety of intimations in an account of the voyage of the *Prince Albert*, which he published on his return, that he was anxious that further explorations should be made. At all events, he is entitled to the credit of having pointed out, nearly ten years before their discovery, the place where the relics of the missing crews were actually found.

MR. CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES" IN LONDON.—The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, writing from London, July 7, says:—

"While Mr. Bright is contrasting the finance of the United States with that of this country, the lovers of art have at this moment an opportunity of comparing the landscape painting of the two: Mr. Church, a self-cultivated American painter, already known to fame on this side of the Atlantic by his noble painting of Niagara, has now sent over to be engraved a second large picture, 'The Heart of the Andes,' the fruit of some nine or ten months' study in the regions of Ecuador, which he visited in company with Mr. Cyrus Field, of Atlantic telegraph notoriety.

"Mr. Church's picture is composed of materials accumulated in the district of Quito, just under the shadow of the gigantic Chimborazo, the highest point of the Andes range. The snow-capped summits of Chimborazo are seen to the left of the composition under a sky of cloudless blue. The rest of the distance is filled by one of the subordinate mountains which run across the valley that divides Chimborazo from his eastern rival, Cotopaxi. In front runs one of the vast table-lands, intersected by a great river, which winds its way from the cradle of its mountain tributaries to the foreground in an alternation of foaming falls and glassy reaches; its rocky banks fringed by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, forest trees matted together with *lianes*, and embedded in miniature forests of tree-ferns, and flowering undergrowth, the whole lit up by star-bright blossoms, rainbow-hued buds, and gorgeous insects—a sparkle under wandering rays of sunlight. The picture is of large dimensions—about twelve feet by eight: the detail is most elaborate; the treatment masterly in the subordination of its infinitude of parts to the leading lines and masses of the composition. Altogether it is a picture which it would be impossible to parallel from the works of any of our own landscape painters, and deserves to rank as first-rate example of the 'topographical,' or what Ruskin calls the

'historical,' school of landscape painting—that school which aims at presenting a complete transcript of the actual scene, with such truth as not merely satisfies the imagination, but serves to supply information or furnish subjects of study to the geologist, the botanist and the zoologist. In his treatment of water and light, especially, Mr. Church approves himself a consummate master of the art of presentation, in the subtlest matters on which that art can exercise its powers."

MESSRS. FIRMIN DIDOT, of Paris, have just published the twenty-ninth volume of their biographical dictionary of the dead and the living (*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*). It contains the articles La Liborlière to Lavoisin, and consists of one thousand and twenty-four columns (five hundred and twelve pages octavo), being an increase of two sheets. This is the commencement of an extension which will bring the work complete into forty-five volumes. The publication was commenced six years ago, and will be completed in three years more. The American and English lives in this work are well written.

In a notice of Lady Caroline Lamb is an account of her *liaison* with Byron, and a translation of his well-known lines addressed to her:—

"Remember thee! remember thee!

Till Lethe quench life's burning stream

Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,

And haunt thee like a feverish dream.

"Remember thee! ay, doubt it not;

Thy husband, too, shall think of thee!

By neither shalt thou be forgot,

Thou false to him, thou fiend to me."

This polite and gentle address is thus rendered into French: "Se souvenir de toi! Se souvenir de toi! Jusqu'à ce que les flots du Léthé aient éteint l'ardent torrent de ta vie, les remords et la honte résonneront autour de toi et te poursuivront comme un rêve dans la fièvre. Se souvenir de toi! N'en doute pas, ton mari songera aussi à toi. Ni lui ni moi nous ne t'oublierons, toi qui fus perfide pour lui, toi qui fus un démon pour moi!"—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

From The National Magazine.
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

I.

THE old feud between sea and land was raging on in the old uncompromising way. The sea, fitful, fierce, and headlong as ever; the land, still forbearing and dignified, and yet beginning to be a little alarmed, for the sea's gains and encroachments were unquestionable. Oldest inhabitants shook their heads forebodingly when they spoke of the great washing away of cliffs they could remember even in their time, and how high-water mark was a good dozen yards further in-shore than it used to be; and, in truth, it did look very much as though the sea had gnawed all those bays with which the strand was scalloped, as children bite half-moon shapes in their bread and butter, leaving headlands jutting out at intervals, and as though its appetite were still undiminished. So the land had called in the aid of man, and what with sea-walls, dykes, piles, piers, and breakwaters, was endeavoring to ward off the attack of its old foe as best it might; and man, like all too-strong allies, was appropriating to himself, and building, gardening, tilling, and sowing for his own enrichment, just as though his right was unimpeachable and his power without bounds. And the sea dashed and plunged and gurgled amongst the piles, and turned all white in its rage at the strength opposed to it, and then ran back for a new and fiercer charge, and foamed and washed over the rocks, now decking their brows with shining brown wreaths of sea-weed, and now spitefully tearing off the decorations like a miser-lover, and generally roaring, billowing, and bullying about, in a way that quite shocked the polished little pebbles proposing to themselves quiet bathing on the sands.

The north-east wind, fresh and lusty from the sea, was blowing hard up the High Street of Brillington—that quiet, comfortable, north-county watering-place—which, as a watering-place, I am afraid must be accounted a failure, but as a secluded, breezy, wholesome nook of retirement for health and rest, cannot be too highly rated. It was a pity that anybody had sought to inoculate it with aristocratic ambitions. It had not taken the fashion-vaccine kindly, anyhow. The esplanade was a black, gritty, asphalted enclosure, like the courtyard of a prison, but for the breaking of the

waves at its feet. The assembly-rooms were a lath-and-plasterer's folly in Elizabethan pasteboard and red brick. The town was glutted with lodgings to let, and boarding-houses without boarders. The gigantic new hotel looked cold, and empty and desolate, with its wan, whitewashed face without, and its wealth of French-polished, unripe, carrotty-colored mahogany within. The photographer, who had pitched his art-tent close on the brink of the sea, wore an intense aspect of grief, and kept his eye fixed constantly on the horizon, as though he expected to be picked up like a man from a wreck, by a sail to heave presently in sight on his leeward quarter. He had taken portraits of all the seamen whose mission it was to lounge through the day waiting for people wanting "a row or a sail," who never came. The labor had kept his hand in, but decoy-work was futile, and the advantages arising from it might be fairly described in the language of his art, as rather negative than positive. The inhabitants, who were all sanguine in belief that fashion would ultimately take deep root in the place, were not consistent in their explanations as to the existing dearth of visitors. Some said, "It was growing late in the season, you see; the days were getting short—drawing in. It was cold for bathing; they couldn't expect to do much more now." Others took quite a different view, and said, "Bless you, our season hasn't commenced yet—it's always late; they didn't know why, but so it was. Next week, they shouldn't wonder but what there would be shoals of people, and the place so full you'd hardly get a bed." Anyhow it was quite clear the rush of visitors had not been and didn't come, and the winter was journeying down from the north on an express train of icebergs, as fast as it possibly could.

Not in one of those bleak situations, with "a fine sea view," and plenty of cold wind, that visitors select for their temporary sojourn, but in a quieter and more sheltered part, down the high-road, and getting on towards the church, there stood not long ago a red brick house, with a bow-window, bright green door, a vivid brass knocker, and a dazzling plate, inscribed, "Crewe, Surgeon." Just the very house you would select for permanent residence. In the window hangs a bird-cage: its inhabitant, abnormally lustrous in plumage, black in eye, and sharp in beak, amuses himself by wonderful bursts of song, great shower

ing about of his seed, splashing in his water, vigorous pecking at a sparkling lump of sugar fixed between the bars of the cage, with an occasional taste, by way of seasoning, of the chickweed thatching of his roof. Now and then, too, a little white hand steals up to dance about his house like a ghost, and frighten him, or delight him: which does it do? If you look over the blind, and can peep through the thick boughs of that stout geranium, you will perceive the very charming owner of that white hand—a little lady in lilac silk, working hard at some mysterious feminine employment—bending over a strip of muslin, which she is bewildering with all sorts of arabesque designs, aided by very fine needles and thread, and quite a doll's pair of scissors, small, sharp, and pointed. She is sitting alone, and really applying herself wonderfully, occasionally just halting for a two-minutes' reverie, or to see if anybody be passing in the street, or to hum a few bars of music, or to say, "Sweet, sweet, pretty Dick," to her bird, or to haunt him with her pretty hand in the manner before alluded to.

This is Mrs. Crewe—"Pretty Mrs. Crewe," as some chose to call her; and it wasn't an inappropriate name—the newly married wife of Jacob Crewe, the doctor—"Old Crewe," as some styled him, not too kindly. That Jacob Crewe should have thought of marrying, had of course astonished every one. As a rule, people like being astonished, and are glad to avail themselves of any opportunity for the indulgence of their predilections. That old Crewe should think of marrying was of course astonishing; then, that he should have married the lady he had married was even more astonishing—"a mere child," people said. "If he must marry, why not Miss Skeffington, who is much nearer his own time of life, and in every way much better suited to him? As for his present wife, what could he possibly see in *her*?" asked all the ladies in Brillington. The gentlemen slightly varied the interrogatory. They wanted to know what *she* could possibly have seen in *him*? Brillington certainly ought to have been grateful to Jacob Crewe; he had given it so much to talk about. To think that he, a confirmed bachelor, should suddenly be absent for three months, and then return with a wife—a young and pretty wife, too—taking away the keys of housekeeping from his sister, Miss Crewe, and obtaining lodgings for her in an-

other part of the town: it was indeed, wonderful!

Then arose the great question, as to whether Mrs. Crewe really was pretty.

"Pretty? Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Skeffington. "Why, her features are irregular—very irregular, indeed. She's below the middle stature, too—really, quite undergrown. To be sure her figure is not bad, but too slim and girlish altogether for the wife of a person of Mr. Crewe's years. And doesn't she squint? and isn't there something of a tinge of red in her hair?" Of course opinions differed very much. I think the gentlemen of Brillington agreed to a man that she was pretty—decidedly pretty; not a doubt about it; very pretty, indeed. The London waiter at the gaunt hotel had given it as his notion about her that "she was a clipper;" and the grocer's assistant, being a young man of susceptible nature, was passionately in love with her, turning a fine crimson whenever she entered the shop, and making the direst mistakes in her orders by way of demonstrating the extent of his attachment.

After all, it depended very much upon the views people entertained about beauty. Do you insist upon geometrical regularity, precise proportion of feature to feature—and do you ignore all claims not possessing these? Who dares to define the exact laws of the beautiful? My own views on the subject are latitudinarian, I am afraid, for I am prepared to hold that Mrs. Crewe was beautiful; and yet dear, respected Miss Skeffington, I do admit that her features were not regular. But can I forget that she had the most pearly, peachy, delicate complexion ever seen? the most pretty, pert, bewitching, epigrammatic nose? eyes—I can only guess at them, and I should say gray, shot with brown—(the fact was, you could not stop to sift their hue, and search your paint-box for the proper color to paint them with; you fell in love with them at once, and flung away all thoughts of analysis and comparison); and a mouth, the most compact little coral jewel-box for the pearls inside it was possible to imagine; and then her hair—I beg your pardon, Miss Skeffington, it was *not* red, but it was the most obstinate and mutinous hair I ever knew. It *would* persist, at most odd and inconvenient intervals, in tumbling down in great cables of gold and brown, and flooding a shiny white neck with its affluence. It was always waving and

curling about in an irresistible, unfettered way; not in the formal ridge and furrow pattern of the crimping-irons, but in an uncertain and original manner, entirely of its own invention; and nothing would pacify it but the raising of two wonderful arms, pliant and soft, and white as swan-necks, to gather together the truant locks, and fold them and coax them into something like order again. It is a shocking thing, I am afraid, in days when hair is gummed and pasted and pomaded and stuck diligently together, till heads look like highly polished skittle-balls, and texture is lost in one brightly varnished surface—it is a lamentable thing, under these conditions, to own that Mrs. Crewe's hair never was what is called *smooth*, but always waving and tumbled, like a troubled running brook, with orange sun-rays dancing on it.

Now, was Mrs. Crewe pretty? And yet, in this poor *catalogue raisonné*, I feel I've conveyed such a dim, water-color notion of her that I haven't half done her justice. I can only persist in it, therefore—and pray take my opinion, and don't heed Miss Skeffington—that she *was* pretty—a beauty all her own—a beauty most uncertain, most unexpected. Every time you saw her you became suddenly convinced of some new charm you had never taken account of before; some new glance—some new expression—some tender dimple, that appeared and disappeared like a shooting-star—some new tumbling down of her hair. And the wonderful light of her eyes as they gleamed through the golden network! No, she did *not* do it on purpose, Miss Skeffington, I give you my word of honor; it was purely accidental.

So Mrs. Crewe sat in the bow-window, working. And now there entered the room a short, sturdy gentleman, with a heavy tread. But Mrs. Crewe was rather lost in thought at that precise moment, and did not hear him. He walked up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Hullo, Nelly! Wake up!"

It was a bright, cheery voice, and Nelly darted up.

"I didn't hear you, Jacob. Why, you quite frightened me!" and she kissed him. The kiss was returned with interest. He was a sensible man, was Mr. Crewe.

"Working yourself to sleep, Nelly; is that it? Now be quiet, I didn't ask *your* opinion."

This was to the bird, which had become supernaturally lively at the sound of voices—made himself master of the whole circumstances, given a twinkle with his bright beads of eyes, black stars that they were, and sent up a rocket of chirping and song by way of announcement of his proximity.

"Why, where did you get all these flowers, Nelly,—not out of the garden, surely?"

There was a bouquet in a vase on the table.

"Oh, no! Mr. Harding brought them to me. How cold your hands are! It's quite a winter's evening, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's blowing from the north-east."

"Mr. Harding said it was cold and comfortless."

Did Mr. Crewe lose a little of his bright look, or was it that the evening was clouding over?

"Has any one called?" he asked, abruptly.

"Only Mr. Harding. He came to see you."

Did it occur to Mrs. Crewe that she had three times mentioned the same name? If she were not aware of it, Mr. Crewe was. He turned away,—decidedly he looked less bright than before.

"He knew I was not in," he muttered. "I met him as I went out. Be quiet, do!" and he beat on the bars of the cage rather cruelly. Poor little Yellowball stopped his song, and cowered down on the ground-floor of his habitation in a depressed state of mind. Mrs. Crewe took up her work again: I think she was blushing a little. Mr. Crewe changed the conversation.

"Poor old Goody Hay's down again with the ague. I've been to see her, but I'm afraid her strength's going. The rector's throat's bad, too. He won't obey orders; will talk, and read, and preach too much. I must lecture him seriously about it."

Mrs. Crewe made no observation. I am not sure that she was listening. Jacob's face clouded a little more. It was not a handsome face; but it had a sound, strong, honest expression, and was very bright-looking when he was happy. He tumbled about his iron-gray hair by way of occupation.

"Ned Barnes is very bad. He'll never be out in his lugger again. So weak, he can't be lifted off his bed. Poor fellow! he bears up bravely. So quiet and reposed and grateful. His wife's a hard woman, I'm afraid."

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Tells him, before his face, how much he's changed; and that she's sure he can't last through the night. It's wrong of her. I'm afraid she doesn't love her husband."

Mrs. Crewe had heard him this time.

"Not love her husband, Jacob?" A tear stole down her cheek, like a dewdrop down a peach. "Oh, don't judge her too hardly, Jacob! She's in great trouble. It's hard to say that of her."

Jacob patted her head fondly, looked at her tenderly—so tenderly, and yet with something of sorrow in his glance. He was positively handsome at that moment—short and sturdy, iron-gray, time-and-weather-worn, getting on for fifty years old, and looking even a trifle more—he was positively handsome at that moment.

"Has Susan been?" he asked.

"No, dear; she promised to call, but I've not seen her yet."

"Perhaps she'll come into tea in the evening."

"She may. Mr. Harding said he should call this evening to leave a book for me."

Jacob winced, and his face darkened.

"Isn't it to be had at the library?"

"He said they hadn't got it yet."

"I'm going out again. I shall be back soon—before tea-time. I want to see how poor Barnes is."

And he went out; not in the direction of Barnes' cottage though, but round the corner, down the High Street, and straight on to the pier. It was quite dusk, and blowing cold. Mr. Crewe heeded not, but walked steadily on. He looked sad and absorbed.

The pier-head wore quite an incessant tall feather of spray. The waves roared themselves hoarse, and dashed themselves to pieces against the massive granite blocks of the pier. The tide was rolling in bravely; a streak of gray light out to the left showed what a severe lashing the furthest headland was receiving. The sea-gulls croaked furiously as they whirled along the surface of the shore, like feathered meteors. One moment you could hear the flap of their long white wings, and the next they seemed far out at sea, and lost in the rising of the waves. The shingle was sucked up and then shot out again by the in-rolling tide with a strange gutturing sound. The clouds, dark with anger and night, rolled about in a menacing and troubled manner.

Mr. Crewe leant against the granite of the pier-wall. Cold though the wind blew, Mr. Crewe paused to wipe his forehead, and let the chill air play with his iron-gray locks.

"I did it for the best! I did it for the best!" he murmured, hastily. "God help me if I did wrong!"

He paused for a minute. He was gazing straight out on the horizon. There was a collier standing out to sea a long way off, and pitching and tossing with the regularity of clockwork it seemed, looking at her from such a distance; but he heeded not the ship. His mind and his eye had dissolved partnership for a time.

"I never knew how much I loved her. I never thought I could love any one as I love her. It didn't seem to me to be in my nature. Poor Nelly! I did it for the best. But if I have only brought sorrow upon you; if—"

He stopped—there was a footstep. Some one else was walking on the pier. A tall, fine-looking man, attired in rather dandy-seaman's dress, and smoking a cigar, passed without observing him. In the intervals of his smoking he was singing *Donna è mobile*. Mr. Crewe glanced scowlingly after him.

"I had been happy but for him—a London idler! Why did he come here to disturb my peace? I had been happy but for him. It may be jest to him—it's terrible earnest to me!"

The waves dashed over the pier close to where he was standing; he was compelled to move a little. He could just see the man before mentioned standing at the pier-head smoking his cigar quietly.

"In the old days we should have decided this matter in a different way. I almost wish they would come back again, those old times. He's a bigger man than I am; younger too—many a year; and yet I wouldn't mind standing up against him. In fact I should like it. I think I could show him a north-country fall or two that he has never seen before."

He laughed at his own pugnacity.

"Bah! We can't do this now. We fight with smiles now, not with frowns. We shake hands, and hate each other the while. We stucco our suffering with civility. I should like a return to savageness for a short time and be at liberty to announce my hate—in contempt."

"Good evening, Mr. Crewe!"

"Good evening, Mr. Harding!"

"We shall have a blowing night, I think."

"Yes."

"How is Mrs. Crewe this evening?"

"Quite well, thank you."

They exchanged a few commonplaces. There was not sufficient sympathy between them to beget any generous conversation.

"What a clod!" sneered Mr. Harding, as he turned for another stroll to the pier-head.

"Poor Nelly!" murmured Mr. Crewe.

"By the by, I must see about Barnes."

Mr. Harding puffed his cigar, and stared listlessly at the rolling water, and for some two minutes was particularly engaged in watching the uncertain flight of a sea-gull, and making bets with himself as to the direction in which the bird would next swoop. Tired with this he yawned again, and drew his long, woman's hand through his flaxen whiskers, and then turning his back on the sea, thrust out both his arms and indulged in a protracted yawn and stretch. He was looking towards the town, which is very fairly seen from the pier-head.

"This is a nice deadly lively place, this is! Who would have thought of my sticking here for these six weeks? How I've done it I don't know. Nothing but smoke—smoke—and——" His eye caught the High Street, and the corner where the road turned down towards Mr. Crewe's house. "Yes; she's pretty enough to justify me," he said. "There was luck about that fall. Who would have thought that such a doctor would have had such a wife? The introduction was cheap at a few bruises! Once let a man in your house, it takes a great deal to get him out. How will it end?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? Who cares? Not I!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket, out of which a French novel with a ragged yellow paper cover was peering. Another attack of yawning was coming on, so he set about walking rapidly. He flung away his cigar end. Was it intentional? The lighted end came down very near to the naked foot of a little boy in a large red nightcap, mending the nets spread to dry on the pier-wall. Intentional or not, the urchin took a single-minded view of the transaction. He took up the fragment, and commenced to smoke it out himself. He converted the curse, if one was intended, into a blessing, provided always the boy did not make himself ill. At any

rate he felt grateful, when he commenced his smoking, to the gentleman who had given him the opportunity; it little matters how he felt when he left off.

The gentleman, meanwhile, six yards away, had clean forgotten the boy.

Young, handsome, bold, and strong enough to have been a hero, how was this man playing duck-and-drake with his body and soul!

II.

MEANWHILE little Mrs. Crewe had been entertaining a visitor. This was Miss Crewe, the sister of Jacob, and some eight years his senior—a small, slight, rather pinched lady, in a rustling black silk dress, with piercing eyes and sharp features.

"I could not come before, dear," said Miss Crewe. "I've been busy—oh, so busy!"

"You'll stop to tea; of course, Susan?"

"Couldn't think of it. I am engaged to go to the rectory this evening. We're about to get up a new Dorcas Club for the winter."

Miss Crewe was an influential person in Brillington, and a sworn ally of the rector. With the best intentions and the kindest heart in the world, there was a dash of sharpness, not to say acidity, about her, that did not prepossess people in her favor in the first instance. The Sunday-school children stood in prodigious awe of her, and no small trembling seized that infant band when Miss Crewe examined her catechism class. Great was the anxiety to reckon upon what girl would devolve the difficulty of accomplishing "the duty towards her neighbor," and happy the individual that could rely upon having some such short sentence as the sixth commandment for her portion of the morning's toil. Not but what Miss Crewe was alive to the *ruses* of her class, and would often put to rout, and utterly discomfit the calculators by "dodging," as they termed it, and appointing some one in particular to answer. It must be mentioned, too, that Miss Crewe's manner of doing good was in some instances indiscriminate and ill considered. She was in the habit of sowing tracts upon all subjects broadcast among all classes of people. To her brother, the most hard-working man in the town, she occasionally presented a pamphlet against sloth. Little Mrs. Crewe, who ate only in bird-pecks and drank only in bird-sips, was warned seriously in some publications against gluttony, and in others against intemper-

ance and profane speaking; very poor cottagers were strenuously admonished against vanity and overdressing; and good old Farmer Wakefield is known to have once received a caution against tight-lacing. But these were mere accidents, unavoidable under Miss Crewe's system. Occasionally, of course, people received tracts opposite to their misdeeds and failings, and then, no doubt, Miss Crewe's object was accomplished. So that if she did now and then fire with blank-cartridge, she also now and then lodged her shot in the mark. It must be added, that Miss Crewe's affection for her brother Jacob amounted almost to veneration. For some twenty years she had kept house for him, and bitter indeed was the trial for her when she received intelligence of his approaching marriage, and the consequent termination of her housekeeping duties. Jacob was in London, and wrote as tenderly and cautiously as he could to break to her the intended change in his condition.

"I couldn't help it," as Miss Crewe explained to her great friend and confidant, the rector's wife, "I couldn't help it, and I was very—very angry with him. To think that at his time of life he should go and break up his comfortable home, and bring down a mere child of a wife, who *could* know nothing of his ways; who *could* know nothing whatever about housekeeping—it wasn't to be expected she should! I was very angry and very sorry. It was wrong, but I couldn't help it. To think that Jacob and I should part, after so many years of living together—that this girl should come between us and take away his love from me! It was hard, and I felt it so. I sent the servant to bed, and I sat before the fire, and I had a good cry all by myself; and at last I went to bed, and turning it all over and over again in my mind, cried myself to sleep, I think. However, I was better in the morning, and thought how foolish and sinful I'd been; and I didn't say a word to anybody, but I packed up a carpet-bag and travelled up to London. I hadn't been there for fifteen years, and I went straight to Jacob, and told him that as I had been the first to know of it, so I was determined to be the first to congratulate him. I couldn't help crying, you know, but I felt ever so much better; and Jacob too, he seemed relieved, and introduced me to his future wife. Such a pretty, shrinking flower! And then they were married,

and I came away with a sad heart; but yet happier than I went, I can tell you."

And to do Miss Crewe justice, she had quite banished all thoughts of jealousy, and had opened her heart to the timid little bride, and given her the best place in her affections, next to that held by Jacob. And so she loved them both, and looked after them both in her curious, prim, bustling way, that would have had something ludicrous about it, if it hadn't been so tender and so true.

"Any news stirring in Brillington?" asked Mrs. Crewe.

"No, I think not, Nelly," answered Susan. "The poor Hudsons have got the fever very badly. I've been making up a subscription for them. They want such a heap of comforts, poor things. Mr. Harding gave me a guinea for them."

"Did he?" said Mrs. Crewe, looking up; "that was kind of him."

"Yes; he only asked that he shouldn't be required to go near them."

"Why should he ask that?"

"He was afraid of taking the fever, I suppose," answered Miss Crewe.

"But Jacob isn't afraid!"

"No, Nelly, dear; he's the doctor. It would be a bad thing for the sick if the doctor were afraid of going among them."

"But you go among them, Susan?"

"Well, I'm the doctor's sister," laughed Susan; "it doesn't matter about me."

"And I—"

"No—no—you are the doctor's wife; we can't have you, Nelly darling, going about catching fevers."

And Miss Crewe's acid looks had completely disappeared, and something of Jacob's tenderness gleamed in her eyes as she gazed at pretty Mrs. Crewe, looking into the fire with rather a puzzled air. I suppose the conversation had not been so logically clear as she could have desired it. She gave it up, however, and changed the topic.

"I think Brillington's a dull place," she said.

"Brillington dull? My dear Mrs. Crewe"—in moments of expostulation Susan always gave Nelly her full matrimonial title—"my dear Mrs. Crewe, how can you think so?"

"Well, I do think so; and Mr. Harding, he was saying the same thing only this very day."

"What does he know about it?" said

Susan, rather angrily; "a fine London gentleman, *he* can't appreciate all the quiet beauties of this place. Besides, he comes down here, and the day after his arrival gets thrown from his horse, racing about on the cliff, where he ought never to have gone, and sprains his wrist—lucky for him it was no worse, and that Jacob was near to see to him and set him up all right again. *He* think it dull! what did he come for, then?"

This also was not a clearly logical observation, but it was conclusive with Miss Crewe. Nelly pursued her own train of meditation.

"Do you know, Susan," she said, "I often wish that Jacob would leave Brillington?"

"Leave Brillington?" Miss Crewe was aghast.

"Yes," Mrs. Crewe went on calmly. "I mean, give over his practice and retire."

"Retire?" Miss Crewe's amazement passed all bounds.

"He has been working very hard for a great many years, and I am sure he has earned rest and right to retire; and with his own means joined to my fortune——"

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Susan, bluntly.

"You think the word too grand, perhaps," said Nelly, in her quiet, pretty way; "but I mean the income I brought to Jacob on our marriage."

"What?" Susan despaired of understanding.

Nelly colored. She was a little roused at Susan's strange manner. There was the slightest tinge of feminine sarcasm in her tone as she went on:—

"I don't profess to understand business matters very deeply, but I have always been given to understand—I have always believed, that at poor papa's death I became entitled to some money under mamma's settlement, which produced an income somewhere about four hundred a-year. On my marriage, this money—as was very right—became the property of my husband, to be used for our joint benefit. Well, it seems to me that this sum——"

Mrs. Crewe was talking of these serious affairs in the calmest and most silvery voice imaginable, smoothing awhile the pleats of her lilac dress. Miss Crewe was looking at her with eyes and mouth open.

"My dear Nelly, don't go rambling on in this way!" she interrupted her at last. "It's

quite time you should know the truth, if you have not known it before. The money you brought Jacob? Why, your father died insolvent! At the time you married Jacob you possessed not one halfpenny in the world. Your only income now is the income he toils to bring you."

It was Nelly's turn to look aghast.

"Is this so, Susan?" she asked, in a sad, plaintive voice. "Is this indeed so?" And the color left her pretty cheeks, and she trembled all over.

Susan looked frightened. It occurred to her that she had foolishly betrayed what Jacob had been at some pains to conceal—that she had inflicted very grievous pain upon poor Nelly—that she had done altogether very wrong. She bowed her head in answer to Nelly's imploring look.

At the low wail that broke from those pale, quivering lips, even Yellowball stirred in his cage, and gave vent to a long but subdued soliloquy, in which he seemed to ask a long list of sad questions, and to answer them all himself, and generally to lament over and sympathize with the sorrows of his fair mistress.

"Why was this hid from me? Why did he deceive me thus?" And Mrs. Crewe's hair came tumbling down, and she hid her tearful face in her white hands, and looked the most lovable picture of distress that ever was seen. "It was wrong of him! it was cruel of him!"

Susan was conscious of her own error, but she couldn't hear Jacob accused.

"No, Nelly dearest, don't say that: don't say that of the truest, tenderest man that ever breathed. I see now why this was concealed from you. He loved you, Nelly, with the true, pure love of an honest heart. He didn't want that love to be mistaken for charity. He didn't want you to come here thinking that it was because you had no alternative—because no other door was open to you. He sought your love, Nelly—not the love of a poor, helpless orphan, but of a woman deeming herself independent, and able to bestow her hand and heart where she might please."

Nelly hid her face on Miss Crewe's shoulder. Susan clasped her pretty charge to her heart, and rocked her to and fro, as though she were lulling to sleep a much-cherished child.

"Poor, dear darling!" thought Miss Crewe; "how shamefully I've behaved to her! how I've pined her! What will Jacob say to me? I must be very, very good to her, to make up for all this cruelty."

But Nelly recovered herself soon, and Yellowball delayed the period of his retiring for the evening on purpose to deliver an anthem expressive of great rejoicing and congratulation. And when Miss Crewe took her leave, which she did reluctantly, although bound heavily to visit the rectory, for the establishment of the Dorcas Club, she left Mrs. Crewe a little flushed certainly, but otherwise composed, and very nearly herself.

III.

MRS. CREWE was sitting by the fire, still feeling something pained and humbled, when Jacob returned. He looked pale and cold, and walking to the fire patted his wife's head affectionately. She turned up her beautiful eyes, and he couldn't resist stooping down and kissing her forehead.

"Barnes has gone," said Mr. Crewe at length. "Poor fellow! he passed away without any pain, I think; very humble and resigned and happy, it seemed to me, only anxious about his two poor little children."

"And his wife?" asked Mrs. Crewe.

"I did her wrong. She's a strange, rough woman, and I thought she had no feeling for the suffering man. But it was her blunt way. Poor thing! I never saw such grief! No tears, no wailing, but a dumb, blank look of sorrow, and a rigid clasping of her hands, as she glared with her parched eyes on the dead man. She loved him with her whole soul. I could do little to comfort her. Her sorrows are too hot and new upon her. I must send Susan round to-morrow. She'll read to her and console her. Once bring tears to her eyes, and she'll be saved; otherwise, poor soul, her mind may wander."

"I'll go, Jacob."

"You, Nelly?"

"Why not? I can comfort her, or grieve with her. Why should I not? Don't think of me always as a useless child, Jacob. Don't ever take a plaything view of me. Why shouldn't I do some good? why shouldn't I do some work?"

"You're a good girl, Nelly! Go, if you like, to-morrow morning, and take a few yards of black ribbon with you; it will do her good

to be sewing that on the children's hats. They're but badly off, poor things, so we must see and do what we can for them. Their neighbors are kind and thoughtful, and helping them in that thorough, hearty way with which the poor always aid each other. You see, suffering's a near neighbor with them all, and they learn to feel for each other's sorrows, knowing their own."

Nelly felt proud of her husband, talking in his feeling, thoughtful way of his poor patients. Mr. Crewe seated himself in the comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and little Mrs. Crewe took up her position on the footstool at his feet.

Mary entered.

"Mr. Harding's compliments, and he had left the book. He would call himself presently."

Mr. Crewe looked a little serious.

"What is the book, Nelly?"

"A novel," said Nelly, blushing, a little ashamed.

"Give it to me, Mary," said Mr. Crewe.

Mary handed the book, and withdrew.

"A novel, eh? I have not read a novel for a dozen years, I should think," Mr. Crewe went on. "Are you fond of novels, Nelly?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crewe, rather humbly.

"I haven't much time for reading myself, or I should like to try an experiment, and see if I could like a novel again. But the *Times* the day after, and the *Lancet* the week after publication, seem to be all I can get leisure to read. I——"

Why did he stop so suddenly, and a flash of pallor lighten his face, as he opened the book? Why did he close it again with that nervous abruptness? What had he seen in the book that he should bear that startled aspect? He could have looked no differently had he met a serpent darting out its javelin tongue at him.

He held the book tightly clenched in his right hand. In his left was clasped the soft, white hand of his wife. She was gazing abstractedly into the fire, and had not perceived the sudden change in him. He glanced down at her with eyes that sought to probe her very soul. He did not speak. He was afraid his voice would quaver, and break down and betray him; for his heart was beating noisily, and his breath was short, and there seemed a tightness about his neck. At length he began, in a low voice, but in as natural a tone as he could manage.

He resumed the subject he had been discussing before he opened the book.

"Yes. It's a long while since I read a novel; a very long while. Yet I remember reading one once—long ago, now—which made a deep impression upon me."

"What was it called?" asked Mrs. Crewe, still rather dreamily.

"I forget now. I forget," Mr. Crewe continued, after a pause; "but it was a good story, painful rather; but novel-readers like that. I know it affected me grievously; but then, you see, I had had but a poor training in the business."

He still kept his eyes fixed upon the pretty face below, intent on the fire, and quite unconscious of his anxious gaze.

"It was the story of a man—this is, as far as I can recollect it—of a man who, advancing in life, married a woman—a mere girl—very many years younger than himself——"

Nelly roused herself a little at this.

"He was, I think, a merchant—but it's so long ago now, I almost forget—quite absorbed in business; quite unused to sentimentalism; no adept in love-making; a hard-working, rough, plodding man; a little dull, perhaps—not unlikely. But the girl's father was his very dear old friend, long years back; and when the daughter was bequeathed to his charge, the man the book was about—I forget what they called him in the book—the man promised to himself to stand in the place of her dead father to the orphan. But soon, somehow, unconsciously almost, he found a change growing in him. He found a fire burning up in his rugged heart, he had thought long since cold and dead. He loved his ward."

Nelly was listening very intently now. She had brought up her other hand, and clasped it on Jacob's left hand. She was gazing earnestly into his face. He did not choose to meet her glance. It was his turn to study the fire fixedly.

"It was a strange union between the old and the young heart. It seemed scarcely natural. And yet his love for her was whole, very earnest, very true. It had taken complete possession of him. He had fought against it, but he had been beaten and had succumbed. It is only the very great tempests that move the old onks. He loved her very dearly, and prayed Heaven that it might be given to him to make her happy, and to win her love in return."

Mr. Crewe stopped. His voice shook, and the perspiration was glistening on his forehead.

"And she?" asked Mrs. Crewe. How anxiously she looked to him! He could feel her hands trembling as they wound themselves tightly round his.

"It is strange," he said, trying to appear indifferent; "how much still even the memory of this story affects me."

"And she?" repeated Mrs. Crewe.

"He thought she loved him. He thought that he had won by his devotion forgetfulness of the disparity between them—had bought, by his tenderness, a like tenderness in return. And so, and so it seemed. He brought her to his home, his quiet, hard-working home; did all he could in his poor rough way to make her happy, to prove to her the great, strong love he bore for her—made her his idol, his darling, his queen."

His voice trembled so he did not dare to go on.

"She did not love him!" With what a nervous excitement she whispered this.

"I don't say that. But there came one across them—young, handsome, accomplished perhaps, likely in many ways to win a woman's love; versed in the art of pleasing. He was an idle man; he had made it a study—he should have known something about it. He met this strangely assorted couple. He was struck with the young wife's beauty; shocked at the want of manner, the blunt ways, the gray hair of the husband; thought, perhaps, he was working out a kind of poetical justice in sundering those twain, though Heaven had joined them. Paid his court to the fair young creature; poured into her ears quite new words of sympathy, of condolence, of love even; flattered her vanity, praised her wondrous beauty—that was an easy task; so lured her on, step by step imperceptibly almost; so lured her on——"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Crewe, huskily; an icy shiver passed over her as she spoke, and her face was deathly pale.

"Finish the story yourself, Nelly."

He said it calmly, almost coldly, and he rose from his seat, but he did not let go her hand; and oh, how tightly that clasped his, and how its fellow joined it, and clasped his other also! It was as though she feared to lose him forever, if she but once let go her hold.

"No, no, Jacob!" she cried in a low, hurried, anxious voice. "She faltered, but she did not fall; she trembled, but only for a moment. And think how young she was! how little used to deceit! how little able to battle strongly for herself! Only for a moment, Jacob, when her vanity was flattered; for she was vain and weak and foolish and rather proud of attentions, which she did not perceive at first were but masks for the most shameful insults. Only for a moment, Jacob, and then came the thoughts of her happy home, and her good, true, honest husband; and his ceaseless kindness and tenderness, and of the love she bore him: for deep, deep in her heart she loved him, Jacob—and—O forgive me, Jacob! pity me, and forgive me!"

Her words failed her, but the actions that came to her aid were even more eloquent. Another minute and Nelly was weeping, half with sorrow and half with love, on her husband's bosom, and her golden hair had burst its bonds once more, and fallen in a waving mantle on his shoulder. How tight he clasped her to his heart, and how he kissed first her ivory forehead, and then kissed away the tears from her eyes, and so got to her lips and remained there a considerable time,—a very happy husband, indeed!

"O Jacob, how good you have been! how ungrateful I have seemed, when I owe every thing in this world to you! To think that you should have taken me, a penniless orphan child!"

"What do you mean, Nelly? O, Susan, Susan! what have you been doing?"

"She did right, Jacob, quite right—it was only fit I should know the full extent of your great kindness, your generosity."

"No, no, Nelly—not so. Your father was my good old friend. We had not met for years, but we had been boys together. Dying, he begged me to charge myself with your protection, and then confessed that the money which should have been yours, he, as trustee for you, had lost by an unfortunate speculation. There was no wrong doing, only an error in judgment, which embittered the last few years of his life, and deprived you of a fortune which you shall never feel the want of, Nelly."

"Dear Jacob!"

Mary came in abruptly. She looked demurely astonished.

"Mr. Harding," she announced.

"Detain him for two minutes, Mary, and then show him in."

"Will you see him, Jacob?"

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!"

And I think at that moment she would have led an assaulting party, to show her love for Jacob.

"Stay. You should know of this, Nelly."

Mr. Crewe opened the novel he had been holding in his hand all the while. There fell out on to the carpet a three-cornered note on pink paper.

"He has dared——?" said Mrs. Crewe, with a glance of fierce indignation you would have hardly thought her capable of.

"Hush! he is here."

"Leave all to me, Jacob; remember——"

She had just time to garner up her golden treasury of hair again when Mr. Harding entered. He looked handsome, as usual—a little pale and jaded, perhaps, but that was also usual with him. A trifle embarrassed and anxious, but that was not so usual with him. He was courteously received, but the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Crewe had a vivacious twinkle in them he did not quite understand, and there seemed a strong undercurrent of intelligence between them which he did not quite like.

"Has she got my note?" he asked himself.

Mrs. Crewe was especially cool and calm—most bewilderingly so, considering all that had passed. Mr. Harding was quite annoyed at the contrast she presented to his own uneasiness. "Have I been mistaken? Is this indifference? or acting merely?"

"Suppose you play at chess with Mr. Harding, Nelly," suggested Mr. Crewe.

"Suicidal husband!" thought Mr. Harding. "Little flirt, I'll punish her! She doesn't like being beaten."

But either Mrs. Crewe played with unusual brilliancy, or Mr. Harding was particularly absent and forgetful. He was rapidly beaten. I think the game was terminated against him in what chess-players call "Fool's mate." He was so angry he would have liked to have flung the chessmen into the fire. Mrs. Crewe gave quite a little crow of triumph; it was not polite of her, but she couldn't help it. Mr. Crewe was reading.

"Where did you get this novel, Nelly? Hear this sentimental nonsense." And in a

mock-heroic tone he read out a few paragraphs of rather highly-seasoned love-making. It was malicious of him, and Mrs. Crewe enjoyed it amazingly. She said she had never heard any thing so funny. Mr. Harding did not appreciate the absurdity of the extract, for it was from the novel he had lent that evening to Mrs. Crewe. He bit his nails in a furious reverie. Had he been duped, tricked, made ridiculous, and all by the wife of a poor country doctor? It was not to be credited. He was aroused by the merry laugh of Nelly.

"Just look at my kitten! see the antics she is performing!"

Mr. Harding looked. The kitten was gamboling on the hearth-rug, tearing to pieces the bouquet he had in the morning presented to Mrs. Crewe, and the little lady was laughing until the tears jewelled her eyes. Mr. Harding turned quite pale. He could stand it no longer; he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Crewe, in bidding him adieu, said to him, in a quiet, low, conclusive tone, and out of the hearing of her husband:—

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Harding, I think. This note was found in the book you sent this evening. It is addressed to me, but as I am sure that is owing to an error, you see it remains unopened. If it is for me, I will hand it at once to my husband, who always reads my letters first. Perhaps you had better not call again. Good-by."

Mr. Harding did not know precisely how he got out of the house and into the street. When he found himself there he was tearing a pink note with his teeth. He tore it into shreds, and flung them furiously from him. He was white and trembling, in a great rage indeed.

"I'll smoke on the pier; I can't go to bed yet."

It was not an easy task to light a cigar in that whirling east wind. When lighted, it was certainly an annoying thing that an agile wave should leap over the pier-wall, wet Mr. Harding very thoroughly, and extinguish his cigar. He was not in a mood to bear these inconveniences philosophically. With an oath he flung his intended solace into the sea, scowled at the tumbling waters, and the white moon peering out every now and then between the patches of racing clouds, and pouring a flood of molten silver upon the effervescing crests of the waves, pulled his hat

over his angry forehead, and strode away through the town and back to his hotel.

He rang the bell, and shouted savagely for his servant, "Benson!"

Benson had been singing a comic song in the bar-parlor. However, he smoothed all the jovial wrinkles out of his face, and assumed his usual stolid, grave, imperturbable expression.

"This is a beastly place, Benson!"

Benson looked assentingly. He never thought it worth while to hold any opinion adverse to his master's. Probably he considered it would be of no use if he did.

"Pack up. I'll get back to town. Let the bill be paid."

"When did Mr. Harding think of going?"

"Instantly! To-night!"

Benson begged pardon; but the last train went at 9.25, half an hour ago.

"The first train to-morrow morning."

Benson begged pardon again. The first train was the "parly," at 6.30.

"Not that, of course, fool! The ten o'clock."

Benson, still imperturbable, acquiesced, and withdrew, took the starch out of his face, and resumed his comic song and his glass of "warm with" in the bar-parlor.

The next day Mr. Harding, still angry and scowling, was whirled by the screaming train far away from Brillington, and soon lost in the black vortex of London. There is no need, even if it were practicable, to trace his footsteps further. He was never seen again in Brillington.

I like to think that Mr. and Mrs. Crewe, even as the good people in the fairy tale who have surmounted the difficulties of their destinies, lived happily ever after; for who can be so happy as those who lead good lives? I like to think that there were two or three flaxen-headed miniature editions of Mrs. Crewe, who gambol edwith the frolicsome waves on Brillington sands, and enjoyed mingled feelings of love and awe for Miss Susan Crewe and her catechetical labors. I like to think that love and thanksgiving went forth from suffering hearts in Brillington when little Mrs. Crewe shed upon them the sunshine of her presence, the consolation of her tender care; and that when the good deeds of the good old doctor were reckoned up and lauded, not less hearty were the praises, not less earnest the blessings, showered upon the doctor's wife.

From The Examiner, 17 Sept.
NO SURRENDER.

THE central Italian States having, with deliberate courage and the unanimous consent of nobles and people, decreed the expulsion of their Tarquins, and with the same solemnity and perfect accord declared it to be their will to merge their separate governments and existences in the constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, they have now only to abide by their resolutions to achieve the most complete victory. We thoroughly believe that their fortunes are in their own hands, neither in danger on the side of Austria or of France, if they are only faithful to themselves. There is no power in diplomacy or arms to break a league like this, containing all the elements of success that ever gave a revolution strength, purchased it applause, or guaranteed it triumph. Upon ground more solid no public cause ever stood. To believe in its strength and stand fast by it is all that is wanting. It can only be defeated by waverings in its own ranks, or the faint-heartedness that is as dangerous to liberty as to love. A single step backwards, one moment of vacillation, would be its ruin; we know no other danger it has to fear. There is indeed no reason to apprehend any such peril to the Italian cause; on the contrary, every step that has yet been taken affords the fairest promise of perseverance to the end. It is well, however, that the vital importance of constancy should be kept steadily before the views of the leaders of the movement. Since the majestic revolution that ended in American independence, and out of whose throes came the liberty and grandeur of the United States, no such spectacle as that now presented by Central Italy has ever rejoiced the eyes or interested the hearts of freemen. The saddest sight the world ever witnessed would be to see such a cause defeated or betrayed on the very eve of victory. But if there be no sign of turning back, if there be neither harkening to cajolery nor listening to timid counsels, every thing is to be hoped, and nothing, we repeat, to be feared. The notion is not for a moment to be entertained that the Emperor of the French, whatever the secrets of his heart may be, will oppose more than the show or forms of resistance to the resolves of the united duchies and Legations. The Italian States are, in fact, carrying out the imperial programme while they are struggling for their own emancipation. Were the emperor to quarrel with them it would be for developing his own "idea." They are actually in a league to complete what Solferino left unfinished, and their success will be the supplement of the short-comings of Villafranca. Its glory, too, will be justly

shared with the French Emperor, whose invasion of Italy afforded them the opportunity of rising and combining as they have done. From the side of France, therefore, let there be no apprehension. France will neither belie herself nor stultify herself by entering the lists against the nationalities which she crossed the Alps to befriend. Events might have taken a course more pleasing to her, but she cannot but see that her honor and interests now lie in that track and in no other. Even a Napoleonic throne in Tuscany certain to be the most unpopular and slippery in Europe, would be no compensation for the shame which the slightest attempt to coerce Italy would involve. Nor would French neutrality, permitting Austrian armies to do the same execrable work, be an atom less disgraceful. We have, therefore, little fear from that point of the compass either; our reliance, however, still resting on the assumed fixity of the Italian resolution, by which we need scarcely say that we understand the resolution of armed men, prepared to run all risks, make all sacrifices, and encounter all odds in defence of their rights. In such a posture they would deserve and receive the support of Europe in such a measure, and with such cordiality, that Austria, even if secretly supported by France, would not dare to meddle with them.

As Austria would have no more right to interfere with a popular revolution in Tuscany or Parma than to oppose a change of government in England or in Prussia, no such outrageous violation of the principle of non-intervention is to be dreaded, for it is certain that no such violation would be allowed. There are certain things that cannot be done in the Europe of to-day, and this we hold to be one of them. Let the Italians trust to themselves first, and place their affiance next in the spirit of the age, the progress of civilization, the moral sense of the world. Intervention in this case would want all its ordinary colors and excuses. Here is a revolution not only not the result of civil war, but unattended with the least commotion; not a moment's anarchy, not an hour's discord, not a deed of violence, not the shadow of an offence against property or life. Instead of weakening the bonds of society it has drawn them tighter together; instead of letting loose a legion of wild theories and perilous opinions it has had the opposite effect of silencing or banishing them; it has left its enemies no single pretext for assailing it, for in truth the action of an established government could hardly have been more sedate and orderly. In all respects, as far as it has proceeded, it may justly vie with the most virtuous revolution in ancient or modern story; and as in this

lies its main strength, so it should be to the revolutionists themselves an inexhaustible source of courage and assurance.

But the gallant Italians will also remember that the battle they are fighting is not one in whose issue themselves alone are concerned. A powerful free state in Italy, such as the proposed annexations to Piedmont would constitute, is one of the dearest objects to Europe. Nothing else can ever permanently keep the peace between France and Austria, or rescue the Italian peninsula from the miserable situation of being the perpetual bone of contention to its imperial neighbors. The present movement promises Italy the protection and repose which the Alps have never afforded her; and promising peace to Italy, it promises to deliver Europe from a perennial and prolific source of disturbance. The Italians have, therefore, infinitely more than any amount of generous sympathy to cheer them. Their work has the approval of the cool heads no less than of the warm hearts.

Respected, therefore, as these brave men are by all whose respect is of any worth, our only anxiety is that they should sufficiently respect themselves. In accordance with this feeling, had we been in the councils of those Italians whose names we see affixed to an address to Lord Shaftesbury, we should have urged them to pause before they adopted that proceeding. We should have suggested to them that their glorious cause will be more easily damaged than served by the vulgar aids they solicit. At least such appliances as these should not be invited by themselves. As the *Times* remarks in an article with which we entirely agree:—

"This is our advice, then, to the Italians; committees and subscriptions will do them no harm, if they care nothing at all about them, nor will they do them any good; but if they depend at all upon such demonstrations they will be decidedly in their way, as fostering the old dependent spirit, which looks to assistance from without instead of the use of their own strength. The Italians have a great history, a great literature, the earliest civilization in Europe, and supremacy in art; they are surrounded by monuments to elevate and inspire them; they have the best cause, they have got rid of the old genius of discord, and are able to act in union, and they are ten million strong. What more is wanted for success but that they themselves should see their own strength?"

It was only natural, perhaps, that the address we allude to should have been presented to Lord Shaftesbury, but we think his lordship has acted most judiciously in declining to preside over the committee in contemplation.

Nothing could be more imprudent than to throw a sectarian hue over the movement going on in Italy. Lord Shaftesbury's answer leaves us nothing to regret than that he did not point out to his correspondents how little the success of their countrymen could possibly be furthered by the plan they propose.

From The Economist, 24 Sept.

CAN THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY PUT HIS VETO ON ITS LIBERATION?

THE rumors about the settlement of the Italian question are vague and contradictory. The article in the semi-official *Constitutionnel*, which insisted so strongly on the disadvantage of so far increasing the power of Piedmont as to merge the nationality of Tuscany and the other duchies, and to excite the jealousy of Naples, is susceptible of two interpretations. It may either mean, as is perhaps most likely, that the emperor of the French wishes to see several weak, and therefore not independent, kingdoms in Italy, which would in fact be dependent on France, and which would furnish, therefore, a centre of French influence in the Peninsula; or it may mean that he is willing to take credit with Austria for having done his best to persuade and alarm the duchies into submission, while he takes credit with the duchies for neither interfering by force himself, nor allowing the interference of others. Whatever proposals may be made to the duchies,—whether they be asked to accept the Count of Flanders as their ruler,—or whether the son of their runaway ruler is to be pressed upon the acceptance of the Tuscans, and Modena and Parma are alone to be offered to the Belgian prince,—it matters not, if only the Emperor adhere to his promise as reiterated by the *Constitutionnel*, that "France will not intervene by force in the duchies, and will not permit any one else so to intervene." This is all that the Italians ask,—that their fate be left in their own hands,—and that no one be permitted to rule over them without their own full consent.

True, it does not follow that even if no attempt be made to force unwelcome rulers on Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, they should be permitted to merge themselves in a neighboring kingdom. This, it is said, is a matter which alters the balance of power in Italy, and is likely to afflict the king of Naples. The emperor of the French may say that the king of Sardinia shall only be protected by him in the occupation of Lombardy on condition Victor Emmanuel refuses all such further extension of his kingdom as would make him too independent of his Imperial benefactor. Austria, no doubt, is quite willing to enforce this threat by intimating the satisfaction she would have in re-assuming possession of Lom-

bardly in case she finds no enemy more powerful than Piedmont in her way. And this is a menace which Sardinia cannot of course affect to ignore; but it is also a threat which it would be very difficult to carry into execution. Could Louis Napoleon afford to draw upon himself the hatred which would follow his connivance at such a step? Would he dare, even with a view to opinion in France alone, to let it be said that the blood which flowed at Magenta and Solferino had been shed *absolutely* in vain,—and that the freedom of Italy was nothing to him if Italy did not respect his wishes? How would the soldiers who fought those glorious battles bear to hear that the emperor, in mere pique, had consented to let the Austrian army wrest back again the only tangible result of their own risk and toil and their comrades' blood? Again, could Austria, in her present debilitated state, venture to renew the war against the united and enthusiastic armies of Sardinia and Central Italy, with Victor Emmanuel and General Garibaldi at their head? True, their force would be numerically very inferior to her own; but patriotic enthusiasm, the sympathy of all Europe, probably the active help of the neutral powers, would fight for them,—and Hungary would rise in the Austrian rear. This is a risk Austria would scarcely venture for the mere sake of mortifying Sardinia,—deadly as is the hatred which she will long entertain towards that little kingdom.

On the whole, we cannot doubt but that if the duchies choose to be absolutely steadfast in their choice, the emperor of the French, however little it may please him, can scarcely find any way to thwart their wishes. His promise is given not to interfere, nor to let any one else interfere by force in the duchies. His only power, therefore, is in the indirect influence he may exert over the fears of Sardinia. He cannot retrace his steps. He dare not return Lombardy to Austria. He can scarcely venture even to *permit* its re-occupation. He has taken up the position, before Europe, of the liberator of Italy, and however little he may like the work of liberation, when he sees it becoming more real and more thorough than he expected, he can scarcely either turn quite round, or even stultify himself by allowing what he has done to be undone.

But the union with the duchies once effected, Sardinia becomes comparatively independent of his help, and though she could not afford to offer France any affront, might well afford to run the risk of a coolness on the part of the French government. A kingdom containing a united and enthusiastic population of ten million Italians, proud of their king, and eager to redeem Italy from the disgrace of centuries, would probably

soon be in a position to defend itself against Austria without any foreign help. We do not see, even now, that with constancy of purpose and a resolute appearance on the part of Central Italy, these hopes can well be defeated at Zurich or at Biarritz. The duchies have only to *decline* firmly all rulers proposed to them, except the one they have themselves chosen, and Victor Emmanuel might, we believe, after exhausting all the persuasions of diplomacy, eventually venture to accept the trust they offer him even *without* securing the consent of France, at no very serious risk. As we have before remarked, even the most despotic emperors cannot dispose of the fate of nations beyond certain very fixed and moderate limits. Louis Napoleon is fortunately fettered by the attitude he has himself assumed towards Italy, and cannot disembarass himself of the antecedents of his position. France is proud of being the benefactress of Italy, and probably cares much less for political influence in Italian affairs than does her ruler. However much disgust it may cause the emperor to see Sardinia becoming more powerful than he had intended, he will probably have no alternative, if Central Italy be but firm, even to pertinacity, in its choice.

From The Saturday Review, 24 Sept.
CENTRAL ITALY.

ACCORDING to the *Constitutionnel*, certain journals have produced an impression that a bad feeling has arisen between France and England with reference to the Italian question. The semi-official French writer, after a diplomatic protest against so erroneous a suspicion, proceeds to show that the moderation of France, as well as her warlike energy, is misunderstood by her jealous and ungenerous neighbor. In other words, all prudent Englishmen disapproved of an unjust war, and now the whole nation unanimously censures a dishonest and unsatisfactory peace. The crime of a wanton rupture has been irrevocably perpetrated, and it seems not unreasonable to desire that the lawless disturbance of old relations should lead to practical results which may partially compensate for the establishment of a ruinous precedent. The aggrandizement of Piedmont and the emancipation of Lombardy are undoubtedly regarded in England with satisfaction; and there is some consolation for the abandonment of Venetia in the confession that there is a limit of prudence to the military ambition of France. The fate of the provinces north of the Po is settled for the present, and all practical discussion turns on the destiny which may be reserved for Parma, Modena, the Legations, and especially for Tuscany. The suggestion that a power which deprecated the war is debarred from the right of sympathizing with

the wishes of Central Italy is too unreasonable to require an answer. The reprobation which was called forth by the aggression of the spring is more than justified by the confusion and uncertainty of the autumn. The late English ministers remonstrated against a violent attack on a territorial system which was in itself confessedly unpopular and oppressive. Their successors have to do with a new state of affairs, and they would be unpardonable if they were to use their influence except for the purpose of advancing the welfare and independence of Italy. The duchies, and in some degree the Legations, are at present waiting for a recognized government, and, for once, it seems possible to consult the interest of the community without the smallest violation of existing rights. France had no right to create such an anarchy, nor has she the right to shape it into a pernicious result. Austria has apparently withdrawn from the contest, and the exiled princes, according to the modern interpretation of national law, are in no way entitled to demand, or even to accept, foreign interference on their behalf. There is really nothing to settle, except whether Central Italy shall be free; and there is too much reason to fear that France has determined to answer the question by a negative. If the long anarchy and the chronic helplessness of the Peninsula are unhappily perpetuated, the responsibility will rest with the power which, at the termination of a wrongful war, refused, on selfish grounds, to provide itself with the excuse which a beneficent end might have supplied to unjustifiable means.

The arguments of the writer in the *Constitutionnel* against the annexation of the duchies to Piedmont are rather derisory than fallacious. Florence, Parma, and Modena will, it seems, "submit with difficulty, in spite of what is said to the contrary, to become nothing more than provincial towns in a kingdom of which Turin is the capital; and the princes who are expelled to-day would be perhaps regretted at some day, more or less near." Precisely the same argument might have been used against the annexation of Lombardy, for Milan is a greater city than Florence, and incomparably better entitled to the rank of a capital than Parma or Modena. "Perhaps at some day, more or less near," the archduke Maximilian may be regretted. Perhaps it is not easy in any human arrangement to escape the possibility of contingent drawbacks. The circumstance that the duchies have already submitted to annexation with Piedmont, not with difficulty, but by unanimous consent, is easily passed over as immaterial to the question. Popular wishes seldom coincide wholly with the public interest, but in this instance both are to be deliberately postponed to ob-

jects which, although still unavowed, are every day becoming more transparent.

It is difficult to find a worse reason for a foregone conclusion than the repugnance of anxious petitioners to the concession of their own demand, but the French publicist is prepared with a still absurder argument to complete the climax of sophistry. "This is not all," he says; "it has not been considered that an additional province given to Piedmont destroys the equilibrium so happily established between her and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. What took place in 1848, however, ought not to be forgotten. Is it not possible that the jealous rivalry which caused the Neapolitan troops to retrace their steps may again burst forth? Such an event would be serious, for it would on a second occasion, bring with it a complete rupture between the two most powerful states of the Peninsula, and federation would become impossible." The balance of power in Europe has long been established in theory but it is a new discovery that there need also be a balance of power between Piedmont and Naples. The "jealous rivalry" of the two states had nothing whatever to do with the recall of the Neapolitan army in 1848. Ferdinand II., when, under the pressure of popular agitation, he sent General Pepe to the Po, had fully determined to betray the Italian cause, as well as to violate his pledges to his own subjects. It was not until he had provoked and suppressed the disturbance of the 15th of May, that the perjured king carried out his perfidious intention by betraying the common cause in the field. No equilibrium or preponderance in one scale or the other could have converted the Neapolitan Bourbon into an honest man or a patriotic Italian. As for the Federation, the people of Italy will adopt it or dispense with it as may be most advisable when they have once succeeded in emancipating themselves from dependence on foreign powers. It is not by a chimerical equilibrium between Piedmont and Naples, but by the creation of a powerful kingdom of North Italy, that they have hoped to relieve themselves from the degrading patronage of France, as well as from the tyrannical encroachments of Austria. If the concurrence of England in their just desires engenders feelings of ill-will, it is better to incur unreasonable hostility than to become an accomplice in an unprofitable crime.

No French statesman can have seriously expected that Englishmen should view with equanimity intrigues which obviously tend to the establishment of a Bonapartist dynasty in Tuscany and the adjacent provinces. The candidature of Prince Napoleon, though never openly proclaimed, has been plainly indicated by the conduct of his chief, both before and

after the peace of Villafranca. It is uncertain whether the projected arrangement formed a secret clause in the marriage contract, nor is it known whether Victor Emmanuel is hampered by his own assent to a proposal which may have been the stipulated price of French assistance. The mission of the supposed pretender to Florence at the very crisis of the war must have had a political purpose; and his arrival at the imperial headquarters curiously coincided with the sudden conclusion of peace. It is possible that the project may have been interrupted by the promise that the dukes should be restored, but the refusal of the Assemblies to receive the fugitives seems to have been considered as an opportunity for renewing the scheme of French aggrandizement. It seems now to be thought possible that, in despair of obtaining annexation to Piedmont, the patriotic leaders may prefer an upstart intruder to the princes whom their conduct has irretrievably offended. Of all possible arrangements, the establishment of Prince Napoleon as king or grand-duke of the Tuscan provinces would be most utterly distasteful to England.

It is idle to pretend that a French prince, even if he were inclined to emancipate himself from imperial tutelage, could become independent as an Italian potentate. When Louis XIV. sent his grandson to Spain, he told him that his first duty was to the head of his house; and it was on the same occasion that he boasted that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist. Napoleon treated Joseph and Louis, Jerome and Joachim Murat, as his prefects, directing all the details of their domestic policy, and disposing of their armies as his own. With a Napoleon on the throne of Florence, Leghorn would be as much a French harbor as Toulon, and the weakness of a dynasty without any root in the soil would offer additional facilities for foreign supervision and interference. It is because the wretched papal government is a degrading tyranny that Rome is held by a French garrison, and that Civita Vecchia is already a French fortress and naval station. With Tuscany reduced into a foreign province, and Naples threatened with a Bonapartist pretender, Genoa would be the only Italian outlet on the western coast of the Peninsula. When the system is complete, the bad feeling which is erroneously supposed to exist between England and France may not impossibly become more substantial and permanent.

From The Saturday Review, 24 Sept.
ITALY IN SEARCH OF A KING.

THE conferences at Zurich drag on heavily, from sheer inability on the part of the delegates to say what is to be done. Austria is waiting to hear whether the stipulations of

Villafranca are to be observed, and the fine old "dukeries" of the house of Hapsburg to be left untouched. Tuscany, Parma, and Modena are hanging on the lips of the king of Sardinia, to whom they have proffered their allegiance. The king of Sardinia is casting uneasy glances towards France. The de-throned dukes, whose crowns are trembling in the scales, bow daily in the direction of Biarritz, with all the devout energy of recent converts. What says the great European oracle, on which all eyes are fixed? The European oracle says nothing—it is dumb. The one mysterious personage on whose fiat the fortunes of Italy depend, gives no audible token of animation. Processions of pilgrims have crossed the Alps, loaded with presents and with prayers. Dynasties, with veneration in their faces, are anxious to consult the prophetic shrine; nationalities by their deputies are crowding the prophetic antechamber; incense enough, in all conscience, has been burnt; victims have been slain; yet no sound is heard within the barred and guarded doors. Every now and then a hum runs through the crowd without. A ministering priestess in the *Constitutionnel* pronounces some dark and diplomatic sentences which may mean any thing. A faithful domestic in the *Moniteur* has been heard to say that France is the only country which goes to war for an idea, and that the ruling dynasty is great; but the remark, however sage, requires interpretation. When is the oracle in person going to relieve the general anxiety? The ancient warriors of Epirus used to inquire about the future from a tree, but then the tree talked. Lord Burleigh was a kind of oracle in his way, but even Lord Burleigh would shake his head. All is silent at Biarritz. The chorus of suppliants grow more and more eager. The cry, "Great Baal, hear us," waxes louder and more urgent. Is the all-important deity hunting or bathing or asleep? Are his admirers to be compelled to take to cutting themselves with knives?

The oracle is probably not asleep. It speaks little, but it thinks the more. It is much to be apprehended that it is wide awake, and has got its eye, like all prudent prophets, riveted upon the main chance. Time solves many an inconvenient riddle without the interposition of the diviner's voice, and judicious delay has often ere now rendered all answers to a perplexing query unnecessary. The same Fabian tactics which once saved Italy may now serve to conquer her. A little wise procrastination—a month of silence or of simulated indecision—and the patience of the new-fledged Italian patriots perhaps will be exhausted. They will cease to wish so vehemently for their own way, and will relapse into a philosophic submission to the will of

heaven. With their resolutions recast in a less independent mould, they will then approach the arbiter of their destinies again. Tired of demanding the monarch of their choice, this time they will resign themselves to praying for King Log. A humble and right-minded nation does not pray in vain. The oracle, keenly alive to the propriety of such a request, will find it pleasant and easy to reply. The sentiments of a united people are worthy of respect. Their petition should of course be granted, and King Log will enter on his reign. Such at least is the hope, and perhaps the expectation, of the oracle.

At first sight it must be confessed that the Italians seem to have been somewhat badly treated. As long as it suited the purposes of Napoleon III., they were distinctly encouraged to assert their independence. It was by no means the emperor's design that the dukes should be taken back. But he does not desire that the house of Savoy should supply their place, or that the three ducal coronets should be massed together upon one Italian brow. The era of Reises and Poniatowskis has accordingly begun. The plague of frogs has set in over the duchies, and imperial emissaries are flooding the country. Alternately flattered and frightened, the Central Italians may well be excused if they do not know where to look. Nothing but courage and determination can keep them from eventually prostrating themselves before the imperial feet. The cold eye of the basilisk is upon them, and slowly fascinating them into a surrender. What may not be hoped from universal suffrage? Who can doubt that a Napoleon, or a Napoleon's deputy, is the secret desire of the nations?

Yet it is only in appearance that Napoleon III. has deluded Italy and the world. Napoleon III. is, in reality all candor—the Tuileries are the very palace of truth. If there is a spot discernible in the sun, a blemish in the imperial character, it consists in its slavish adherence to the letter of all promises. Italy, the emperor said, was to be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. When did he ever breathe a syllable about the Apennines? Only the mendacious and the designing seek to confuse geographical terms, and to cloud the meaning of a plain sentence with a misty gloss. Honest men who say Alps, mean Alps. The entire mistake arises from that habitual inaccuracy of thought which so sadly disfigures the Italian intellect. Frenchmen would know better than to put such misconstructions on the language of the best of princes. Nor is a monarch who is so sensitive to the voice of good faith and sincerity the man to violate the pledges given even to an enemy. Cost what it may, the covenants signed and sealed at Villafranca must be rigidly observed. Com-

pulsion, indeed, towards the duchies is out of the question. But if the dukes are not restored, Austria is at liberty to govern Venice as she pleases. Nor can it be tolerated that Sardinia should profit by the contumacy of her countrymen. Tuscany and Modena have not behaved well; still they are free to choose—only they must not ask for Victor Emmanuel. Had they been wiser in their generation, and resolved to elect a Napoleon to the vacant crown, the case might have been different. Every allowance should be made for a nation that is desirous of raising itself in the scale of morality.

Time, which reveals all things, is disclosing by slow degrees the matured projects of Napoleon III. with respect to Italy. It is perfectly natural that Napoleon III. should be anxious to seat a member of his house upon the throne of Central Italy. It is equally intelligible that he should desire to send an inconvenient relative to some little distance, and to free himself from the awkward contiguity of a democratic cousin. A Napoleon Egalité might prove as troublesome to an emperor as a Philippe Egalité of old was to a king. It is not so clear that it is the interest of Europe to countenance throughout the Continent any such propagation of the imperial family. Nor can Italians have much reason to wish to take cuttings from that admirable tree. Of one thing they may be well assured—the hour that rings in the dynasty of the Napoleons will ring out Italian independence. If they are firm, they may be saved. The emperor of the French, for very shame, cannot impose his relative perforce upon them. Public opinion can reach through all the crowd of guards and satellites to the imperial ear itself. If the king of Sardinia must not be king of Central Italy, the Italians may perhaps induce the oracle to name some less objectionable candidate than the one that, for a moment, seemed upon its tongue.

From The Saturday Review, 1 Oct.
VICTOR EMMANUEL AND THE ITALIANS.

If the destinies of Italy depended on the will of Victor Emmanuel, he would probably be able to express a simple resolution in distinct and intelligible language. But when the future is an enigma, a plausible prophecy, although it may be intended to shape and fix the result, unavoidably partakes of the nature of a riddle. The king of Sardinia's responses to successive offers of allegiance become naturally vaguer as the annexation of different territories is complicated by additional difficulties of policy and of public law. The Tuscans were assured that their wishes should be cordially promoted in the councils of Europe, and the provisional government of Parma has thought it possible and prudent to profess

that the annexation to Piedmont is already accomplished. The deputation from Romagna can scarcely have hoped to obtain so definite an answer, and the king of Sardinia has shown some boldness in meeting their demand even by a qualified and constructive acceptance. The well-wishers of Italy must not forget that the reasonable and rightful desires of the pope's subjects directly conflict with municipal law, with international jurisprudence, and with prerogatives which the priesthood in every part of Europe are at this moment eagerly preaching as divine. Seditious prelates in Ireland and servile prelates in France concur in treating the noble efforts of the Central Italians as blasphemous outrages, requiring earthly repression as a preparation for the divine vengeance which is invoked and anticipated with gloating eagerness. The king of Sardinia is incessantly threatened with excommunication, and the spiritual artillerymen of the Vatican are probably only hesitating to apply the match to the touchhole from a doubt whether their old-fashioned ordnance will hang fire or not go off without bursting. As a king, Victor Emmanuel is at peace with the sovereign of Romagna, and as a Catholic, he cannot do less than "retain a profound and unalterable respect for the superior Hierarchy of the Church." In both capacities he goes to the limits of decorum when he "receives the wishes" of the Romagnese deputation, and undertakes, "strong in the rights conferred upon him, to support their cause before the Great Powers." It may safely be assumed that bell, book, and candle would not drive him back; but behind the pope stands the power which has for ten years maintained ecclesiastical misrule in Rome, and it is impossible to know whether the emperor of the French will consider the independence of Italy an equivalent for the good-will of his own ultramontane clergy. The wishes of the king of Sardinia are sufficiently explained when he declares that the unanimity of the people of the Legations "is very gratifying to his heart." As a commentary on a similar expression of opinion by one of the king's most enlightened and faithful counsellors, Pius IX. lately announced that Massimo d'Azeglio's language at Bologna involved a denial of the immortality of the soul. The extension of the same criticism to the king's answer at Monza would require little additional exertion of pontifical impudence and mendacity.

It is only as a derelict, as a province without a government, as an independent country in search of a king, that a foreign potentate can accept the sovereignty of Bologna, or even enter into communication with its delegates. Tuscany, and even Parma and Modena, have

a recognized legal existence, while the Legations theoretically belong to a prince who still, by the aid of French regiments, resides in his capital. The pope, who has never performed the duties of a ruler, still claims the corresponding rights; and, if Swiss mercenaries fail him, he can still support his anathemas by diplomatic protests. Between the comities of earth and the alleged dispensations of Heaven, Victor Emmanuel will find abundant impediments to the performance of his heroic task as liberator of Italy. For the present, he can only encourage his outlying countrymen to persevere until they have attained the legitimate position of an independent community. It may be illegal to annex a papal province, but all modern precedent favors the recognition of an emancipated dependency. When Bologna and Ravenna have proved that all pontifical authority had ceased to exist beyond the Apennines, their right to dispose of their own fortunes will be at least as valid as the pretensions which were allowed, thirty or forty years ago, in the semi-barbarous provinces of Spanish America.

It is a necessary consequence of the freedom of the English press, that the meanest and most immoral factions can generally secure a public hearing. It is well that the truth should be known, even when the servile residue of the Italian nation wishes to proclaim the hankering of an effeminate minority for the fleshpots of Austria and of Rome. Day after day, letters appear in the newspapers full of protests against the manly policy which has been adopted, without open resistance, in all parts of Central Italy. The malcontents must be taught to understand that the praise of unanimity in a noble course of action is applied only in a general and figurative sense to any great and mixed community. When the wisest and best men in a nation are supported by the irresistible enthusiasm of their countrymen, it is customary and reasonable to forget the base exceptions who have not even the courage to avow their pusillanimity. There were Athenians who would have sent earth and water to Xerxes; there were Englishmen who would have admitted the Armada, and Englishmen who would have bowed to Napoleon; and there are Tuscans, perhaps not as insignificant in number as in influence, who would welcome the return of an Austrian viceroy. History forgets the existence of selfish cowards when it records the triumph of heroic perseverance. For the present, it may be convenient that newspaper correspondents should keep in public view the base domestic opposition with which Italian patriots have to contend in addition to their other difficulties. If their efforts are not overborne by foreign force, the dissidents will, in two or

three years, be the foremost to claim the applause which will attend the successful creators of a nation.

The best service which can be rendered to the Italian cause by diplomatists at Biarritz or Zurich is to talk and discuss and delay. Any positive conclusion in which the Austrians can concur must be unsatisfactory and unjust, and the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon, ever mysterious to the world, are perhaps but indistinctly apprehended by himself. It is not altogether impossible that, in the presence of practical impediments ever accumulating in the way of his ambitious aims, the theatrical hero may, at an opportune moment, prevail over the conqueror; and already it has been judged expedient to disavow in the *Moniteur* one scheme which undoubtedly occupied the imperial mind. France having gone to war for an idea, which was assuredly not realized at Villafranca, may be persuaded to content herself with a result far nobler than any Bonapartist project of aggrandizement and preponderance. If an Italian kingdom is ultimately constituted, few will grudge to the victor of Solferino a principal share in the credit of an achievement which he never contemplated or desired. For the attainment of so great an object, it is only necessary to remain inactive, and to maintain a protest which can scarcely be necessary against the armed interference of Austria. Italy only desires to be left to itself until an organization is completed which will secure independence in future. It may be hoped that the rumor of unwonted activity on the part of the French and Austrian plenipotentiaries at Zurich only refers to arrangements of secondary importance, such as the valuation and apportionment of the Lombard debt. It is certain that the representative of Sardinia will refuse his assent to any act of interference with Central Italy; and as the resolutions of two of the Great Powers can have no legal validity in regulating the political condition of Europe, the decisions of the Zurich Conference will be inoperative if it is still settled that the fugitive princes shall not be restored by force.

From The Spectator, 8 Oct.
APPROACHING CLOSE OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

LANGUAGE has fallen lately from certain master spirits of English statesmanship, which implies that those who have heretofore doubted the speedy assembling of a congress are now looking forward to that event as not distant, and the change of tone implies a very material change in the relation of those who have been parties to the Italian question. We might call them parties to the European question; for, unless the congress were

speedily held, the question would undoubtedly extend. Since the armistice of Villafranca the position of our own government has been distinctly defined. It has expressed no disinclination to enter congress should the other parties to that assemblage clearly explain the objects of the meeting and the principles on which they proceeded. The greatest opponent of a congress has been Austria; who trusted, justly we believe, to the good faith of the Emperor Napoleon in his endeavor to carry out the provisional agreement of Villafranca, but most fallaciously to the combination of circumstances which would have been necessary to confirm the wishes of Austria. Very recent events have contributed to weaken this Austrian position. She has undoubtedly seen the policy of securing what she can while she can, and it is supposed that within a very few days the dilatory Zurich Conference will be out of the way.

The reclamation of M. Kossuth has explained to the public one of the reasons why Austria has yielded so unaccountably, and it has also, from one who is a reluctant and grudging witness, borne testimony to the good faith of the Emperor Napoleon. However difficult the position of that potentate has been, Austria has no complaint against him; and Austria's grand opponent, M. Kossuth, likewise is obliged to confess that he complains only of "disappointment" in regard to his own compact with the French emperor, and not of "deceit." When M. Kossuth made his visit to Genoa France was at open war with Austria, and Hungarian regiments were deserting the standard of the two-beaked eagle—a windfall not to be rejected; and M. Kossuth's quondam official influence in Hungary was employed to consolidate the force that had thus offered itself. He had organized a force of four thousand men, and in three more weeks he expected to count his twenty thousand, when the armistice of Villafranca was concluded. The judgment which dictated the invitation to the interview at Villafranca was based upon a careful reckoning up of a great military sum. The emperor believed that he could attain certain results without immense waste of risk and of cost, and events have gone far to justify his computation. The Emperor Francis Joseph must by that time have learned how untrustworthy were the assumptions even of experienced statesmen like Count Buol, who disbelieved in Italian discontent; and while the young emperor must have perceived, that while the enemy before him was far more formidable than he had contemplated, he had, perhaps, in some respects, an equally formidable enemy in his rear—Hungary.

If it be true that the three parties to the Conference at Villafranca agree to a peace at

Zurich, no small part of the Italian question is settled—that is to say, it must be understood that the disposal of the duchies, and the ultimate arrangements of the governments in those provinces, are questions not to be settled by force. Two principles seem now to be more or less distinctly admitted. In the first place,—that each state, within its own boundaries, has *primâ facie* a right to determine its own form of government; and in the second place, that no individual power, for its own pride, aggrandizement, or insurance, is to enjoy the freedom of making a disturbance in Europe beyond the bounds of its own territory. It is upon these principles that the congress appears likely to approach the Italian question.

But Italy presents one difficulty which does not occur to any other European country, and that difficulty resides chiefly in the very centre of the Peninsula, implicating one of the provinces which has signified its own desire to unite with Piedmont—Bologna: it is the existence of the papacy. Most countries of the world possess a domestic hierarchy, which, whatever may be its relations to the reigning crown and the administration, regulates the church matters of the land. But the supreme hierarchy in Italy exercises, in a more or less recognized form, a jurisdiction beyond the geographical bounds of Italy, extending to the extreme limits of Europe and even beyond, *in partibus in fidelium*. It may be comparatively easy, in these “fast” days, to dispossess a king or a duke, and to re-organize a state or an empire; but how is it possible to dispossess the prince of Rome, as non-conformists have called him, and at the same time to maintain the dignity and jurisdiction of the supreme pontiff? This is a troublesome but an essential question to those catholic powers who *must* take a leading part in any congress. To a certain extent the difficulty is increased by the actual state of affairs in Rome. Pius IX., a well-meaning man, who in 1847 struck out reforms that might have renewed the lease of the Eternal City, has permitted all his own excellent intentions to lie in abeyance, has barely preserved the esteem merited by his personal character, and, if any hopes survive in him, is now lying sick almost to death. His sick bed is surrounded by the incurable ultra-bigots and ultra-despots of the old Roman Pontificate, who are recommending policies the most destructive. They have, for instance, devised those letters of Pius to Mr. Maguire and the Irish bishops, commending obstruction and lauding the demolition of the National-School system, which are likely enough to provoke at once the amusement, contempt, and indignation of all England, whose neutrality would have been so desirable for the interests of

Rome. The actual advisers of Pius IX., therefore, are doing their best to destroy every vestige of the foundation on which rests the chair of St. Peter.

The question which they make so difficult, however, is not entirely without a solution, and that solution has not only been expounded but worked by a Catholic sovereign and government. With a moral courage as heroic as that which he has shown in the field, Victor Emmanuel has sustained his statesmen in bringing the men and temporalities of the church, in temporal questions, under the jurisdiction of the temporal state; while leaving to them, in purely spiritual matters, an independence calculated to exalt religion. The method of treating pontifical jurisdiction in Sardinia is precisely the true method of treating it in Rome. The principle formed the basis of the plan in Massimo d’Azeglio’s note laid by Cavour before the Paris Conferences in 1856. It is, to secularize the administration of the Roman States, leaving to the supreme pontiff an independent residence, dignity, and suitable state in the Eternal City. The Emperor Napoleon has contributed a very important addition to this proposal,—it is, that the Roman Catholic countries should furnish a subsidy to maintain the dignity of the pontiff. This proposal points the way for settling the pecuniary difficulty, while the d’Azeglio-Cavour note indicated the method for settling the political difficulty.

While the powers are unable to arrange matters amongst themselves, and are keeping the Italian question open because they cannot close their own differences, the Italians of the north are becoming practically accustomed to independence, and to an administration which they are not likely to yield again in favor of administration by “the Foreigner.” At the same time they are holding out an example of self-reliance highly instructive to the Italians of Southern Italy, and dangerous to that royal family which still so madly speculates on the revival of Austrian stock in Italy—the reigning family of Naples.

The longer, therefore, the Italian question is kept open, together with these subsidiary questions, each one of which is enough to alarm an empire, the more difficult does it become to wrest its settlement from the grasp of the Italians themselves, or to conjure away those dangers which threaten some of the greatest powers and influences in Europe. Those who desire an example of stability are becoming aware that an opposite example may be repeated in the important case of Naples; Austria cannot fail to have been reminded that she has a Hungary at her back; and the Catholic States of Europe must have perceived that Antonelli and his policy are not the engines for propping up the tottering

jurisdiction of Rome. These undoubtedly are the reasons why Austria has conceded so much; they are practical reasons why even the statesmen who are most reluctant to enter upon the disagreeable business of balancing the account politically may at last see the necessity of opposing no further delay to the assembling of a congress.

From The Press, 8 Oct.

CENTRAL ITALY VERSUS SARDINIA.

THE central portion of the Italian peninsula daily assumes the shape and asserts the claims of a definite nationality. Four powerful provinces have unanimously agreed to a union with Sardinia, and formally tendered their submission to Victor Emmanuel. Were this a mere expression of opinion, or the ebullition of an enthusiastic wish, it might prove as transient as it would be unfruitful in results. But it is rapidly and temperately followed up by practical and persistent endeavors after amalgamation, which become consolidated day by day. Passports and custom-houses on the frontiers and between the kingdoms or duchies are abolished. Uniform currency and weights and measures are already introduced. The command of the army is placed in the hands of one man; and, in short, all the elements of a nation united and compact within and formidable without are harmoniously blended together. Enthusiasm rushes like an electric current along the arteries and nerves of citizen and soldier. The Jews, even, having long felt the incubus of Austrian grand dukes, and the misery and oppression of a despotism wanting in every redeeming trait, have overcome their proverbial tenacity of money under the inspiration of patriotism or freedom, and have risked a loan where repayment is so problematical. We look on this as a striking proof of the fervor of the enthusiasm kindled in Central Italy, and of the opinion generally felt of the probabilities of success. A note, it appears, has also been sent by the Sardinian minister to the representatives of his country at the courts of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, to be communicated. Its argument is not only the expediency, but the imperative necessity of the formation of a strong and independent kingdom in upper Italy. This can be formed at once by the annexation of those peoples of Central Italy who have shaken off each its incubus, and sent in their adhesion to Sardinia and their submission to its ruler.

Unless this be accomplished, Austria will hang over Italy like a vulture, darkening with outspread wings the little realm by its shadow, and prepared, the instant the occasion turns up, to descend, and at one fell swoop destroy the life and liberty which are struggling into existence. Austria, strong in her quadrilat-

eral retreat, will present herself a perpetual menace to Sardinia left alone; and Sardinia, cowed and distrustful, will feel unable to carry out that really sublime mission with which she has been providentially charged. Lest her gigantic and incontrovertible foe in the north should not sufficiently damp her courage and deaden her aspirations, small ducal vampires would surround her on the side of Parma, Modena, and Romagna, and live on her life-blood; and very soon Italy, free "from the Adriatic to the Alps," would be recorded as an emperor's dream, but less and less an actual historic fact than it ever was in the memory of man. The substantial question at issue is simply this: Shall Sardinia exist as a free and independent nation? If this is to be answered in the affirmative, the nations of Central Italy, one in heart, in policy, in national polarity, and exhibiting a unity, a love of order, and, we rejoice to add, a heroic obstinacy in the maintenance of what they believe to be their rights, must be annexed to Sardinia. This desire of theirs is so deeply fixed in the national heart, and so wide in its dimensions, and so calm and solemn in its expression, that we can only regard it as divinely implanted. It is disturbed by no internal rivalries or jealousies or excesses. It wears its cold in the sunshine, and it falters not in the cold shadow. It waits and pleads and hopes.

That ruler who sets himself to thwart or to exhaust it parts with his own strength; he does not weaken it. No man sees this more clearly than Napoleon. Let him, then, defy those fiery priests who are fulminating pastorals over France in order to frighten him, and thus crown his Italian campaign by leaving in Italy the noblest monument to his brave army, a powerful, independent, and united kingdom. In his heart he reverences national desire. Himself the elect of six millions, he cannot refuse to acquiesce in the united passion of another six millions because they are not Frenchmen. Borne himself upon a nation's shoulders to the Tuileries, how can he interpose any obstruction to peaceful and united but kingless nations yearning to be the subjects of Victor Emmanuel and fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens with the Sardinians? If this calm and sublime passion be a divine one, he who kindled it will keep it burning in spite of the coldness of emperor or enmity of kaiser, and make it spread throughout Italy, as we believe he will, like summer lightning from cloud to cloud, or like fire amid the dry grass of the western prairies. Should Napoleon oppose or let alone, he cannot quench what has been kindled; but he may injure his own name, and dim all the glory he has gathered from Italian battle fields. Let him give, and he will gain; let him be generous, and he will thus be glorified as a soldier and a ruler

He will gild his sceptre with new beauty, and demonstrate that, if he has the genius to gain great victories, he has also the yet loftier genius magnanimously to use them.

It is rumored that, notwithstanding the studied reserve of his public answers, the king of Sardinia has made up his mind to accept the homage and the annexation of the duchies and legations. If he so decide, and Austria, as matter of course, seize the opportunity of declaring war against Sardinia, will Napoleon stand by and see all the fair land he retrieved from Austrian despotism overflowed again, and Magenta and Solferino denuded of all the magic which their names and memories now call up? Surely this is impossible. We think we see what thoughtful men begin to augur; Sardinia strong in the accession of the people that now cleave to her and beg unanimously to be allowed to help her; Austria afraid to commence a new war in the face of the opinion of Europe; France neutral at all events; and Italy emerging from the deep and dark crypt in which she has so long wept, and on the floor of some of her grand cathedrals exchanging the "Miserere" of a thousand years for the "Te Deum" that unloads the thankfulness of her heart, and commemorates a lost nation found, a dead nation made alive.

From The Press, 8 Oct.

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

A CHEERING, if not a promising sign in existing Italian complications is the rupture that has taken place between the pope and Napoleon. The *Tablet* newspaper of Saturday last publishes what it designates "an authentic, though not official, statement of the pope's government on important circumstances connected with the present revolution." There is no doubt that it is a statement drawn up by Antonelli that has done quarantine at Cardinal Wiseman's. It is therefore not in excess of the actual facts of the case. The document inveighs against the emperor in severe terms. "His design," it says, "was to get the Papal States in pledge, so as to constrain the Holy Father to concessions which clashed with his duties. A threat to this effect was made, as if by design, in the famous Conferences of Paris. Now the pledge has been seized by force, and it is under this pressure that laws are imposed on the pope. Yet these laws are accompanied by the amplest protests of devotion. But those who do not allow themselves to be caught with words, know well how such behavior is to be described." On this communication the *Tablet* makes the following comment:—"By the act and deed, as well as by the aid and connivance, of the French emperor, the dominions of the sovereign pontiff are withheld from him as a pledge or material guarantee for ex-

torting from him concessions repugnant to his duties." This is really a humiliating position for the pope, and a bold stroke on the part of the eldest son of the church—if it be not somewhat parricidal. In the words of the *Tablet*, "dangers, afflictions, and anxieties weigh heavily on the pope." But we ask the fiercest ultramontane to say if a government at Rome, obstructive of all good—generative of all sorts of evils—rendering Rome a by-word for vice, dirt, brigandage, and sensualism—ought not to be reformed, seeing it declares its inability to reform itself? Are nations to be perpetually involved in difficulties and arrested in the development of their material and moral prosperity by a set of solemn old women at Rome? The papacy is the intolerable incubus on Italy—the malignant prompter of Austria—and the agitator of the masses in France when it suits the temperament or fears of these venerable cardinalitial ladies to be so. Is it not an almost European complaint that the pope must be resisted or relieved of his temporalities? Estates got by the forged decretals of Constantine, and extended by fraud, are set forth by the cardinals as so holy that to touch them is to touch the ark, and as possessed of so much virtue that the most flagrant wickedness is transubstantiated into piety by contact. Were the proposals of About carried out, and the pope freed from all temporal cares, and left the first bishop of the Roman Catholic Church and nothing more, nations would be less disturbed, cabinets less bothered, and the world at large, with less priestism and more Christianity, would be a happier and a better one. But what do our readers suppose is the prescription of the *Tablet* for this fearful emergency? It is nothing less than the organization of an Irish brigade for Pio Nono. The effect of this would be that "if the emperor heard from Ireland a loud and general warning that he was outraging the feelings of all true Catholics, and was earning the character of an oppressor and an enemy, would it not be a warning to him?" This is writing to episcopal order. It is the well-known Romish style of stirring up bigoted and superstitious fanatics to deeds of blood. The appeal in the English organ of Rome is substantially the same as the fierce invectives which the charges and pastorals of the French bishops are at this moment scattering like firebrands among the population of France. There is no doubt that in obedience to instructions from Rome the French priests can convulse the peasantry and arm millions against Napoleon. We confess this fact induces us to excuse as often as accuse the policy of Napoleon in Italy. Bulls of Bashan are in his van—swarms of Jesuits, like bees and wasps, are in his rear and on his flanks. He cannot

do justly without irritating these emissaries of evil. He needs the "wisdom of the serpent" to guide him, of which indeed he seems to have a full share.

A bold and rapid and decisive policy is his true and only interest. Play with the nettle, and it stings. Grasp it firmly, and it ceases to retaliate. Let the pope have the income of the archbishop of Canterbury, if you like, guaranteed by the Roman Catholic powers of Europe—a palace and a garden, and, if he wishes it, a farm,—and he will be a happier man, and the world more peaceful. If the Church consents that in order not to be entangled with the things of this world, he shall have no wife, however many nephews he may have, it seems equally reasonable, and in the same direction, that he should have no temporal kingdom.

From The Economist, 17 Sept.
THE DISASTER IN CHINA.

THE calamitous defeat in the Peiho of the British and French expedition, sent to escort the new ambassadors to Peking for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of the treaty of Tien-tsin with the emperor of China, by a Tartar force which was lurking unsuspected by our admiral in the forts recently constructed at the mouth of the river, is an event the bearing of which on our treaty relations with China is scarcely yet fully enough understood to entitle us to pass any final sentence. It is certain only that a powerful force will be required instantly to protect British interests in China from the results which may well follow this reverse, and to compel redress, if it should prove, as now seems only too likely, that the transaction evinces a deliberate intention on the part of the Chinese government to violate the treaty of Tien-tsin. We esteem it fortunate that Lord Elgin is now himself a member of the cabinet which will consider, in its meeting this day, the policy to be pursued by England with regard to this defeat. The blue-book on his mission to China, which has just been issued, contains ample proof not only of his sagacity and determination, but of what may, perhaps, be equally requisite just now in pronouncing on the nature of this disaster,—his clear understanding of, and his disposition to make large allowances for, the excessive reluctance and distrust with which the Chinese government conceded the clause in the treaty of Tien-tsin authorizing the appointment of an English resident ambassador at the court of Peking. We think the English press has been somewhat hasty in taking for granted, what no doubt is the natural and most obvious interpretation of this calamitous affair,—that the Chinese government had treacherously determined to break faith with the English,

and entrap them into a murderous slaughter at the mouth of the Peiho. This may prove to be the case. The evidence, no doubt, inclines any casual reader of the dreadful engagement, as given in the *North-China Herald*, to that interpretation. At the same time, our plenipotentiary was no doubt fairly warned that if the British ships attempted to force the barricade constructed across the mouth of the Peiho the guns of the forts there erected would open upon him; nor could we properly insist upon taking our ambassador to Peking by this particular route. We feel no doubt that Mr. Bruce was convinced of the wish of the Chinese Government to shirk the article of the treaty altogether which gives us the right to have a resident minister at the imperial court. Perhaps this was the intention of the Chinese Government. Possibly the evident dismay and reiterated supplications with which they pressed on Lord Elgin the withdrawal of this article of the treaty, had matured into a fixed intention of breaking it, so far as this article was concerned. But should this have been too hastily assumed, knowing, as our ambassador did, that, partly from superstitious motives unintelligible to Europeans, and partly from real fear of the results amidst such a population as that of Peking, the one article that was likely to be grudgingly carried out and procrastinated, as long as procrastination was possible, was the very article which granted the admission of our envoy at Peking? We think it really possible—in the present state of our information we can scarcely judge of the degree of probability—that the resistance of the Chinese was rather directed to the retinue of gun-boats attending the expedition, than to the article of the treaty itself. No doubt, if this had been so, mandarins properly authorized by their government should have been in attendance to receive Mr. Bruce, and explain fully the wish of the emperor as to the details of the plan for receiving him at Peking. But, considering the timid and indirect ways of Chinese diplomacy, its well-known habit of avoiding to the last moment a disagreeable explanation, and awaiting the favorable chances of the game, we think it quite possible that all that was really decided at Peking was to resist any second triumphal entry of a British and French force into the river, and see if some less disagreeable mode of performing the treaty obligation might not be hit upon. At all events, it would be unwise to leave out of account, in judging of the event, that excessive sensitiveness with regard to our envoy's reception at Peking, of which Lord Elgin was well aware. The blue-book to which we have referred contains a great deal of curious correspondence in connection with the very article of the treaty which has

just led to the bloody fate of so many gallant English sailors.

In a dispatch, dated Shanghai, the 5th November, 1858, Lord Elgin gives full reasons to Lord Malmesbury, why the article relative to the right of residence of a British ambassador at Peking, should be enforced with the utmost moderation and even tenderness, if once fairly granted. "I wish your lordship to understand," he says, "that I believe the objections to the permanent residence of foreign ministers at Peking, which the Chinese authorities urge on this head, are sincerely entertained by them, and not entirely groundless. Again, we know from the *Pekin Gazette*, that the emperor has issued orders for the reconstruction of the forts which we knocked down, at the mouth of the Peiho, and for the erection of other works to protect Peking. It would hardly, I think, be reasonable on our part to request that the emperor of China should leave his capital undefended for the express purpose of enabling us, whenever we see fit so to do, to attack him there. Nor do I, on the other hand, think that any works which he is likely to raise will prevent us from reaching it, if we resolve to go thither in pursuance of a treaty right. At the same time it may be a question whether it would be expedient to exercise the option* conferred on her majesty by Article III. of the treaty of Tien-tsin, in such a manner as would force the emperor to choose between a desperate attempt at resistance and passive acquiescence in *what he and his advisers believe to be the greatest calamity which can befall the empire.*"

It is clear, therefore, that Lord Elgin not only anticipated considerable practical difficulties in carrying out this clause of the treaty, but even foresaw the possibility that the forts his own expedition had destroyed were being rebuilt for the very purpose of excluding any like incursion in future. That he underestimated the military resources of the empire, owing to the feeble resistance with which alone he himself had met, is obvious. And we think it is also obvious that he anticipated some practical difficulties—not likely to be extended to the rest of the treaty—in carrying out this article. He tells us that the commissioners who arranged this

treaty with him assured him that if they assented to this article they would certainly lose their heads, and that he himself felt grave apprehensions lest the result of his persistence should actually be their decapitation. It required some nerve in a plenipotentiary to accept calmly this possibility as a consequence of his own peremptory demands; and Lord Elgin tells us that he did so only in the confident conviction "that I might so demean myself as to make the emperor think that he was under an obligation to his plenipotentiaries for having made peace with me even on the terms objected to;" in other words, that the emperor might feel that the thing was done under absolute compulsion.

Now, all things considered, it is obvious that the article of the treaty which gave our ambassador a right of visiting or residing at Peking, was one literally forced upon the Chinese Government; and if it were thought absolutely essential to our interests that it should be observed we think there was much room for the display of consideration and patience in exacting its fulfilment. No doubt it may be said that with such a government as the Chinese, delay and patience is interpreted as a sign of fatal weakness, and is therefore the most unsound policy we could pursue. But how far are we entitled on this plea to vary the principles on which we should assuredly act towards any civilized nation, in our treatment of these Oriental Governments? When we have wrung out an unwelcome concession from their fears, it may perhaps be the most consistent policy to wring out, also from their fears, the immediate execution of the bargain in the way most convenient to ourselves. But if we fail in so doing,—if, in the mean time, the Chinese overcome their fears, and insist, with a suitable display of force, on our consulting them as to the mode to be taken for giving our treaty effect,—can we justly accuse them of treachery? Are they not rather practising upon us our own methods of persuasion? The Chinese Government *may*—and it is very likely that it is so—have intended to entrap us into this murderous snare, and never have purposed to execute the treaty at all. If this should prove to be so, we must and ought to exact reparation. But it may also prove that the intention to defend the mouth of the Peiho against the recurrence of such a violent entry as was made good by Lord Elgin in the previous year, was not accompanied by any desire to break faith on the general articles of the treaty. As the hostile initiative came entirely from our side, and it was of course at any moment competent to our commanders to retire from the murderous fire, opened only for the defence of the forts, we cannot certainly prove any intention of breaking faith

* Article III. of the treaty of Tien-tsin is now become so important as the cause of this calamitous defeat, that we quote the main clause of it:—"His majesty the emperor of China hereby agrees that the ambassador, minister, or other diplomatic agent so appointed by her majesty the queen of Great Britain, may reside with his family and establishment permanently at the capital, or may visit it occasionally, at the option of the British Government." Lord Elgin had advised, at the urgent request of the Chinese Government, that the second alternative, "occasional visits" to Peking, should alone be insisted on.

on the part of China. And, till proof of a deliberate intention to break the treaty reaches us,—we think we have some reason to suspend our judgment, and ponder whether we may not have been applying to our treatment of barbarians a code of principles not very widely different from that which they have practised towards ourselves.

Part of an article in the Press, 17 Sept.

IN the mean time one cannot help looking back upon the transactions which have led to so calamitous a result without connecting that result, to some extent, with the character of our past proceedings towards the Chinese empire. We all remember the indignation loudly and freely expressed at the events which first brought us into hostile collision with China. The fact of our forcing upon the Chinese government our import trade in a demoralizing drug was—quite irrespectively of the sincerity or hypocrisy of the Chinese officials in their prohibition and obstruction of that trade—discreditable to us as a Christian nation, and was felt to be so by all who were not blinded by interested motives. The observation that no good could come of our doings in China, was in everybody's mouth. However, we succeeded in coercing the Celestials. Chinese silver found its way by wagon-loads into the Bank of England, and thence into the mint; and our commercial relations with China were put upon a fresh and more advantageous footing.

The next quarrel we contrived to pick with China was not as iniquitous, but it could scarcely be considered a righteous quarrel. We had just grounds of complaint against the Chinese. They had evaded their treaty engagements. They were not taking kindly to the lesson of international law administered to them by the "outer barbarians." Instead, however, of urging our just claims in a dignified manner, and insisting upon the fulfilment of existing treaties, with the alternative of bringing our naval and military power to bear for their enforcement, we laid hold of the questionable pretext about the disputed flag at the masthead of the famous *lorcha*, and an originally unsound position was made ten times worse by Sir John Bowring's rhodomontades. We were involved a second time in an attitude of hostility with a peaceful empire, without that unmistakable evidence of justice on our side which should never be wanting when a Christian nation has recourse to the *ultima ratio* of war.

From The Saturday Review, 24 Sept.
THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE difficulties of the Chinese question, various and complicated as they are, may probably clear themselves up by degrees, and in

the mean time it is useless to dogmatize on the policy to be adopted in future. The cabinet fortunately includes among its members the author and legitimate interpreter of the late treaty, so that the orders which may be issued will be founded on the best available information. Lord Elgin's colleagues, however, will not fail to remember that his brother is mainly responsible for the attempt which has resulted in so serious a disaster. When an ambassador requests a naval officer to provide him with the means of accomplishing his mission, is it reasonable to expect that the demand will be answered by an immediate resort to active hostilities. As Mr. Bruce was intimately associated with all the measures of his kinsman and predecessor, it may be inferred that Lord Elgin would also have been prepared to insist on the right of forcing a passage to Peking. If the Chinese government really acquiesced in the same understanding, the adoption of the necessary means for repairing the late defeat will be as justifiable as it is, under any circumstances, inevitable. It is useless to dilate on the misfortune of a repulse, on the necessity of a fresh war, and on the grave inconvenience of a co-operation with the least candid and generous of allies. The Crimea and the former hostilities in China have shown that the French are incapable of recognizing military merit in Englishmen. The journals which claimed for their petty contingent the honor of taking Canton will not fail to monopolize any credit which may be earned in an expedition where the French forces are equal or superior to the English army; and there is too much reason to fear that the jealousies and misrepresentations which must be expected to arise between the allies will furnish a pretext and encouragement for a future rupture. But for the presence of M. Bourboulon and his escort with the English squadron, the unwelcome and burdensome assistance of France might have been courteously declined. It is now impossible to dispute the equal right of both nations to a share in the prosecution of the quarrel; but the inconvenience of common action furnishes a strong additional reason for localizing and confining the war, and for bringing it, if possible, to an early termination.

It may be admitted that, according to the European law of nations, Admiral Hope's attack on the Tiensing-ho forts would be regarded as a questionable proceeding. Among civilized states the right of commencing hostilities to enforce the stipulations of a treaty belongs to the aggrieved government, and not to its naval or military commanders. The refusal to receive an ambassador at Lisbon, if his right of admission were founded on an express contract, might justify diplomatic remonstrances, or even a declaration of war,

but it would certainly not authorize the minister's escort to force a passage into the Tagus. As a general rule, only acts of violence, such as the capture of a vessel or the occupation of a territory, can be at once repelled by such methods. No admiral or general, without special orders, would attempt to exact by a threat of hostilities the performance of the plainest contract or the payment of the most undisputed debt. If China were on the same footing with Russia, Austria, or the United States, the English government would be compelled to disavow Admiral Hope's proceedings, and to acquiesce in a misfortune which had originated in an indefensible encroachment. It is on this ground, and on the assumption that all political communities are entitled to the same consideration, that the organs of the peace party will object to the operations on which the government has, perhaps, already determined.

The basis of political jurisprudence is so uncertain and fluctuating that it is difficult to say how far its doctrines apply to relations with barbarous or half-civilized states. All laws, except those which regulate the special rights and duties of particular classes, assume the equality of those who are subjected to reciprocal and equal obligations. Before the existing skeleton of an international code could be recognized as in any degree binding, it was necessary to establish the theoretical equality and independence of all civilized sovereign states, and the earlier jurists further confined their maxims to the limits of Christendom. The final admission of Turkey within the pale of European comity was never formally completed before the date of the treaty which terminated the Russian war. That China is independent and sovereign may be readily admitted, but a nation which has never acknowledged the obligations of western morality has no claim to insist on a participation in European rights. At this moment, Chinese institutions prevent a diplomatic attempt to renew the peace which was only disturbed through the repugnance of the imperial government to establish friendly relations with foreigners. Public jurisprudence, as it exists in text-books, is curiously compounded of morality and of positive law; and it is difficult, even in ordinary controversies, to distinguish between violations of legal rights and failures to discharge supposed obligations of conscience. In transactions with a foreign country placed in the anomalous position of China, there are additional impediments to the clear separation of ethical and legal duties. In keeping faith, in following the dictates of humanity, and in all the principles of social intercourse, it is obviously proper for Europeans to be guided by their own moral code. On the other hand, political

relations must be regulated with reference to the character of the Chinese government, and English policy must not adopt, but take into consideration, the practices and modes of thought with which it has to deal. The imperial government of Peking may not improbably disavow—as, in fact, it has done, according to a statement in the French journals—the resistance which was successfully carried out by the mandarins; for the low vitality of the nation renders partial hostilities and local quarrels possible in cases where European states have only the option of perfect peace or of general war. If it was the fault of the Chinese that a friendly embassy required the protection of a powerful escort, the authorities were as fully bound to admit the English squadron into the Tientsing-ho as to allow Mr. Bruce to fulfil his mission; and in this case the only remaining question is, whether it was possible to obtain redress by negotiation before a resort to actual force. The English ambassador is supported by the concurrence of his French colleague in the conclusion that the refusal to fulfil the treaty was equivalent to an actual declaration of war. The diplomatic agents who might have subsequently conveyed the remonstrances of the government would have been equally debarred from access to the capital; and on the whole, there can scarcely be a doubt that the Chinese had deliberately determined to risk the renewal of the recent struggle. If the English nation acquiesced in the defeat, all the remaining results of the late war would be immediately annulled by the presumptuous confidence of the Chinese.

The argument that the presence of an ambassador at Peking is incompatible with the fundamental institutions of the empire may be compared to the conscientious objections of crotchety tax-payers to the imposition of some particular rate. If it was allowable to concede the promise, it must be practicable to keep it; nor is it generally prudent to defer to real or alleged prejudices and scruples. There have hitherto been no ambassadors at Peking, because no foreign country has been able to compel the Chinese to receive them. It is now said that a representative of Russia has obtained leave to reside at the capital; and England is certainly not bound to acquiesce in an exceptional sentence of exclusion. At the end of the ensuing struggle, it will be a matter of serious consideration whether it is worth while to insist on a barren right which is likely to give occasion for frequent collisions. The inglorious and unsatisfactory conflict cannot be too short; and in the mean time it is a subject for serious regret that the arrangements of war and peace must substantially depend on the pleasure or convenience of an ally.

CHINA AND RUSSIA.

THERE are growing signs of brotherhood between the pole and the tropics—between the “fur-clad Russ” and the “flowery land.” Broken hints that already grow into convictions led us to believe that the well-worked guns on the Peiho fortifications had Russian artillerymen behind them—one of our Crimean veterans having heard orders issued in the Russian language. The probability of this is strengthened by some remarks, chiefly statistical, of Sir John Bowring, in presence of the British Association, the other day, at Aberdeen. It appears that the products of the Russian looms are daily and rapidly spreading over the markets of China. And by a system of barter Petersburg has in her commerce the advantage of Peking, and unless we bestir ourselves it seems not improbable that she will have the advantage of London also. Russia's fleets have found outlets into the great Southern Ocean and in the Western Indian regions. She is increasing daily, what she already possesses to a very great extent, admirable and secure harbors. Towards the south she is moving down along the Amoor, and dropping on its banks towns and cities, and creating a commerce likely very soon to excite the attention of Europe. Armed Russian soldiers are pouring into China in thousands. Siberians are rushing from their

snows towards the sun. Our eyes ought to be open to so remarkable a movement; and if we cannot prevent, we may precede. A Russian war in China would be a more formidable calamity than one in the Crimea. It would be more threatening also. Our Indian empire is not far from the reach of those who may one day prove the masters of China. If one may cast the future horoscope of that singular country, it may be confidently foreseen that Russia or England is to be at Peking what England is now at Calcutta; and it is perfectly plain that Russia has entered on the arena peacefully, if she can, to run the race of competition, but at any risk and sacrifice to add China to her empire. The silence and the secrecy with which the czar has prosecuted his march into China, the extensive system of colonization and harbors and hamlets—especially on the Amoor—all look like laying down the rails for an attempt at a grand progress. While we are guarding Constantinople from the grasp of the Kremlin, and very wisely and justly, whatever be the issue, Russia is carefully and quietly taking possession of China. We earnestly hope that if a struggle is to spring up between our old Crimean opponents and us, on Chinese ground, it may be a struggle of merchants, of commerce, of calico and cottons, and tea, and not of soldiers, sailors, and gunpowder.—*Press, 24th Sept.*

INTELLIGENCE has just reached England of the death, under very melancholy circumstances, of the venerable Charles Hardwick, Archdeacon of Ely. He left England at the beginning of August, for a short tour in the Pyrenees. On Thursday, the 18th, accompanied by an English gentleman whom he had met at Bagnères de Luchon, he ascended a mountain near the Port de Venasque. They reached the summit safely, and had made part of the descent, when unfortunately, Archdeacon Hardwick proposed taking a different path from that by which they had ascended. His companion, however, preferred keeping to the known track, and reached the foot of the mountain in safety. After waiting long for the archdeacon his (previous) companion became alarmed, and especially as he was told by some shepherds that the descent attempted by Mr. Hardwick was impossible. All attempts to trace Mr. Hardwick on that day were fruitless; but a strong body of guides and police having been procured from Bagnères de Luchon, another search, made early on the following morning, resulted in the discovery of the unfortunate gentleman's body. He appeared to have achieved the most difficult part of the descent, and then to have fallen, down a shel-

ing mass of rock, a distance of about two hundred feet. He must have been killed instantaneously, as the skull was found split; his left arm was broken in two places, and his watch shattered to pieces. The remains were interred at Bagnères de Luchon on the following Sunday. Archdeacon Hardwick was a fellow of St. Catharine's, Cambridge, where he resided, and held the offices of Christian Advocate in the University and Divinity Lecturer of King's College. This sad event will cast gloom over the University, of which as a theological scholar he was a bright ornament, and in which he was much beloved. His age was only thirty-eight years, and he had only been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Ely a few months previous to his premature death. The late venerable archdeacon was the author of “A History of the Christian Church from Gregory the Great to the Reformation;” “A History of the Church during the Reformation;” “History of the XXXIX Articles;” “Sermons for Town Congregations;” and “Christ and other Masters,” the last mentioned is a work of which only four parts have been published, and which, had the author lived to complete it, promised to be of lasting service to the church.

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